

B.A.R. YOUR COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER **BAY AREA REPORTER**

FREE

VOLUME I NUMBER 17

DECEMBER 1, 1971

181 CAST FIRED AS OF DEC. 5th

SCOOP FROM SNOOP

Fire the Cast for Christmas!

by Donald McLean

If you're a showbar owner and wondering how to surprise your cast for Christmas, why not try an idea from the management of the 181 CLUB for a new a novel gift?! Fire the cast! Yes, as of December 5th, SHOWCASE '71 will cease to exist and the 181 CLUB will revert to its old FROLIC ROOM policy of five years ago with all go-go boys. Isn't that a snazzy idea?

It seems that having one of the best shows in town and stars the caliber of Pat Montclair, Vicki Marlane, Terry Taylor and three excellent male dancers is not enough to balance outrageous prices, bad service and uncaring management, so obviously the show is at fault and must be blamed. And strangely enough, I think the only person who's really upset is me, because I hate to see good talent unemployed. Certainly the management doesn't care, and the general consensus of the cast seems to be that at long last the battle is resolved. As Pat Montclair said in an interview, "It took the management six years to decide I'm a bad act... now I'm just a star in exile." Hardly the truth, since both the cast and the show have been lauded every time they've appeared in any other club or benefit.

The only fault that can be leveled at the 181 show is that it's inconsistent. You can see a great production show one night and come back the very next night and see a one-spot-after-another revue. No one tells you that the tape recorder broke down and is in the repair shop for a week, or that all the production tapes were stolen and the whole show has to be re-taped. And if you're spending \$1.25 (plus tip) for a coke,



Bob Ross, President of the TAVERN GUILD, with Pat Montclair, of the ill-fated 181 CLUB, at the PORTLAND CORONATION BALL.

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by Terry Alan Smith

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MR. PAT MONTCLAIRE**

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ALSO:

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"DISHING THE DIRT"**

El Scorp on **SAGITTARIUS**

And, of course, our
regular columnists—
PLUS A FEW EXTRAS!

TIDBITS FROM PORTLAND

The airways, highways and byways were full a couple of weeks ago, with people, all the way from Canada to San Jose', all heading for the city that knows how... Portland.

Most of us stayed at the HOYT HOTEL and, if you are an antique nut, you would love it. We were handed a welcome letter with a list of all the clubs and what they served.

The first night, we all went dancing at the RIPTIDE, which is quite a place. At 2:30 a.m., we all descended on the TIFFANY ROOM and were told they were closed. Have you ever tried to keep out 30 determined Gay folk? Well, it did not work and we had the Assistant Manager cooking for us, with Diki acting as waitress in a feather boa and her naked hair shafts. The bus boys ran to the kitchen in sheer terror.

The next morning, we went to Lloyd Center and met David (Mame), who has to be one of the truly real people I have ever met. He took us to KON-TIKI for

181 SHOWCAST (continued)

you don't want to hear excuses anyway; you're not feeling too benevolent at those prices. If you're a drinking man, you can go broke trying for a taste of liquor amongst all that water. I would not presume to tell a club owner how to run his business, but after watching the old FROLIC ROOM go down the drain for exactly the same reasons, I think certain truths would eventually become self-evident.

If you have the beauty and talent of a Pat Montclair, the showmanship of Vicki Marlane, the personality of Terry Taylor, the comedy genius of Malcolm Clarke, the dancing ability of Vic Potter, or the masculine charm of Chuck McAllister, you probably shall not want very long for another job. When you have one of the best (if not THE best) stages in our city for a show, what a waste not to have a show on it! You lost the audiences through poor management; now the audiences have lost a good show. Everybody loses; nobody wins. At least, that's one person's opinion.

Merry Christmas, kids!

PORTLAND (continued)

lunch, which was a very nice, straight place until we got there. Meanwhile, back at David's jewelry store, Lorelei was busy buying out the place. By the time those queens got through with that store, there wasn't a rhinestone left. That afternoon, we were invited to the Empress of Canada's suite for cocktails. Empress Lynn could not have been nicer and certainly is a person well worth knowing! That night was the bar tour, with the first stop ORLEAN'S ALLEY. Everything was compliments of our hosts, with Scarlet as our hostess. I was very impressed how everyone in Portland was so friendly. The boys and girls mixed so well and even the motorcycle guys came over to me and introduced themselves. Lance (the boy who drove us around) whisked us off to the next stop, ROMAN'S. Our host was a doll named Kim (he had sent us two cases of beer at 5 a.m. that morning). The ceiling was decorated with 1,400 balloons. John the Secretary/Treasurer of the BORDER RAIDERS, decided to carry me around the room while the Baroness Von de Coff was down on her



Vanessa, Regent of the Inland Empire (l.), with Empress Tracey.

knees claiming she was looking for her cigarettes. Jose' trapped a beauty named Gordie. By this time, everyone was letting down their hair ...even Mr. Ross, who was showing a lovely young man how a mustache felt. From here, we made the FAMILY ZOO, then to DEMAS', which had a show starring Darcel. I won't say she wore a lot of jewelry, but I believe she was one rhinestone from the top of her head to the tip of her toes. We managed to get something to eat at RICKSHAW CHARLIE'S (very good) and back to ORLEAN'S ALLEY for the show there. Empress No. 11 Scarlet, Victoria, Bobbi and a kid named Miss Chocolate Mess put on a fun show. We all ended back at the RIPTIDE (it's the only one that stays open late), then home to invade the dining room again.

The next day was the day of the CORONATION BALL and everyone was busy getting ready for the big event. We all went to a place called ZORBA'S for lunch, then home to rest. The ballroom itself has to be one of the greatest rooms I have ever seen. We all wished we had one here just as wild. The dancing started and then the contest. The winners were J.J. Van Dyck, Roxanne, Candy and Maryann as Raggedy Ann and Andy, Scarlet and escort as Salome'. Then a lady came out (who

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Tracey St. James, the new Empress of Portland, at her coronation.

looked like Toots Lamay) wearing a rhinestone breastplate and stopped the show. Her name was Gracie Hansen and she had run for Governor at one time. The show was great, with stars from Canada, Seattle, Portland and our own Allan Lloyd. At the time the Courts were presented, first was the Barbarian Court of the Inland Empire, carrying Van in on a large throne. She was heaven. Then, Seattle Court of the Pacific N.W., Empress Lynn and her

Court from Vancouver, B.C. Cristal and the S.F. Court was next, including Dennis, representing Gabby, and myself, representing San Jose'. The evening was ended by the crowning of the beautiful new Empress of Portland, Tracey St. James. I met a man named Cowboy who drove us to the RIPTIDE after the ball and back in a 1927 Rolls Royce. 56 of us descended on the hotel dining room. The poor waitress didn't know what hit her.

Naomi passed out cups and saucers, Frosty, in a leather vest and hot pants, poured coffee and, after much mayhem and carrying on, we all went to bed somewhere about 5 a.m.

The next day, we all met in the REDWOOD ROOM for lunch to say goodbye to our new-found friends. Cowboy drove Naomi and I around Portland in the Rolls Royce (which was a real trip just watching the people stare) and then to the airport. This ended one of the nicest weekends I have spent in a long time. Thank you, Portland and your wonderful people!! We are looking forward to seeing you again at our Empress Ball in January.

Be good to each other.

"30 kiddies"

Perry

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let-
ter
from

You

Gentlemen:

May I make use of your columns to thank many members of the Gay Community for their help to us at Hospitality House. In your issue Vol. 1, No. 15 (November 1, 1971) a letter appeared in Sweetlips' column telling how someone new to the City received help from us. This letter resulted in several donations of clothing to Hospitality House. These donations have enabled us to help people in obtaining jobs and helped others to be more suitably dressed for the rainy season.

Sweetlips himself has also been most generous in helping to finance outings for our clients in July and in September, as have the customers at his bar, the KOKPIT. We have received well over \$100.00 from this source, including a donation for our Thanksgiving Dinner. (At present he has a collection lantern on his back-bar for this purpose.) And now we find that the Tavern Guild has voted to give us a \$50.00 donation towards our Thanksgiving Dinner, for which we are very grateful.

Hospitality House is open to all who can use its services who are over 18. We work on a very limited budget and are grateful to all who appreciate our efforts. In July (in the B.A.R.) we announced that we were opening a Medical Clinic—it is now fully operative with a doctor in attendance Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday evenings and a registered nurse on duty from 10:00 a.m. Monday through Friday.

Thank you for letting me use your columns to thank all our wonderful friends in the Community.

Very truly yours,

David I. Clayton

President, Board of Governors.



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Well, here I am, back dishing the dirt... seems as if the romances in our City don't need any help.

Yours truly, Dixon and The Bald Eagle had brunch at SUTTER'S MILL... yes, they now serve on Sundays... needless to say Bill Brown, de chef, out-did himself. We ALL had TWO orders and everything was great (except they should heat the syrup for those great Beer Pancakes). I am sure Craig Daley will arrange that (he always re-organizes places anyway). Thanx, Bob and Nicky, for opening on Sundays.

THE PRICE OF FAME

Thanx to the December issue of PLAYBOY Magazine, they have a red Hot Lips chair—only \$500.00.

Mr. EARLY BIRD, Hans, seems to be spending a lot of time at the KOK-PIT when Princess Pam is working—watch out, Hans!!

Seems as if the new manager of the PAGE ONE has hired his lover—Hi, Glen!

Have you stopped out at BRADLEY'S CORNER to see Vince? Worth the trip—great people.

How come Lorelei is running around with the Flesh Peddler? (Sorry Dick Edwards is in St. Thomas!)

Rex Ann never looked lovelier than at the PENINSULA BALL—hairdo by Herman?

"Colorado", the new "Star of the Southern Crossing"—so many have made it and no one has retained it—hi, Lorelei!

Quote from Lorelei: "Masochists are the drag queens of the leaflet set"—and if the belt fits, wear it, Luscious.

What contender lost her "beautiful downtown Sixth Street" job and is now holding forth NORTH of Market Street? Hi, Roxanne of the AMBASSADOR.

In case Ray Rule is looking for his lead (pipe) which he lost while chasing the cook down Folsom Street the other a.m.—it is being gilded and framed at you-know-where.

JIM BAILEY SHOW was great—everyone was there, including Lenny and Henry (a new twosome?). The *P.S. had a great cocktail party before the show thanx to Jim Bonko—even Bella and Willis were there. Bella didn't look too well the next a.m. on the way to work—double vodkas are potent!

Oh, the problems of management—just ask Dickie Dare Darling at the

HOUSE OF HARMONY.

Seems as if Wink of the GOLDEN DOOR has his own procurer—is that true, Chico?

THE SHOW at the *P.S. is getting bigger and bigger—welcome back, Big Jimmy.

Don't forget—the SEVENTH CORONATION BALL DE SAN FRANCISCO at the Jack Tar Hotel the 8th of January. Very limited seating according to Bella.

Roger Hall and Joe Roland had a great Thanksgiving Buffet on Tuesday, the 23rd, at the GANGWAY. Never saw so much food.

Thanx to all you great people who have brought me clothes for HOSPITALITY HOUSE. They really do appreciate it. They served over two hundred people Thanksgiving day. That shows there IS Community spirit.

Seems as if the lovely people of Portland are going to descend upon us, one hundred strong, for the ball. Let us show them some great S.F. hospitality.

Bye.

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MOSTLY SAGITTARIUS

The Sun is now in the sign of Sagittarius, a masculine, fire sign, aggressive but adaptable, the Sagittarian dearly loves his freedom. He likes to range over wide areas, hates restrictions, and must have or give the appearance of having several matters at hand which occupy him intensely. For he is a wheeler-dealer, and a happy and optimistic type. When he cannot be happy and optimistic, he fades from the social scene and can usually be found curled up in sleep.

The Sagittarian is sincere and frank, but quite often he yields to a tendency to exaggerate. His judgment is usually good, but he is not one of the most tactful people on earth. His nature is philosophical and can have an open mind, but his judgments can also be extreme. When he makes mistakes, he usually learns more from them than any of the other signs. His fight for personal freedom can often be expressed in unconventionality. He also gives lip service to a love of the outdoors, when it is intellectual pursuit which he really needs.

There are distinct physical marks possessed by Sagittarians. Usually they have well-molded mouths and straight noses and almond shaped eyes. Their ears tend to be large and well-developed. They walk with a shuffling gait and scrape their feet. They may lean forward to meet a new acquaintance, but

ASTROLOGY

by **EL SCORP**

their feet will shuffle backwards. In their middle years they tend to put on weight or to have trouble keeping their weight down. They also have a tendency to develop lower back or sacroilliac problems.

Being a sign depicted by half man and half beast, the Sagittarian displays all the tendencies of both man and horse. He does not like being shut up or tied down or possessed. He has to be allowed to run free, but he can impose restrictions on himself gladly, as long as it is his idea. Nevertheless, whatever his situation, he can usually be found adapting to it very well.

The game of the challenge is more important to him than the quarry. He cannot have a dear friend who does not stimulate him intellectually. For him the Gemini is a fine challenge, for the Gemini keeps Sagittarius alert, wants as much freedom, adapts as easily, and usually has a quicker mind. The Sagittarian's sex life can be very inventive and wide-ranging. He shoots his arrows everywhere.

Aries and Leo are also fire signs, but Aries is too noisy and bumptious for Sagittarius, and Leo is too possessive, which sends the Sagittarian running in the opposite direction. Critical Virgo makes Sagittarius uncomfortable. And Pisceans seem most wishy-washy to Sagittarians.

The Full Moon late Wednesday evening of the first of the month, occurs in Sagittarius and Gemini, and will be equally serious for both of them. It will not be a good Friday evening, if you feel unsocial, keep your unsocial self at home, because it is not going to help you to go out among others poisoning the air with your mood. And, if, by Sunday midnight, you are not with it, staying out another three hours will definitely be a mistake.

The positions of the planets for Saturday have the Sun in eleven degrees Sagittarius. The Moon goes into Cancer just before ten o'clock Friday morning, and goes into Leo just after two o'clock Sunday afternoon. Mercury will be at 28 degrees Sagittarius, Venus at six degrees Capricorn, and Mars at 15 Pisces. Jupiter will be at 16 degrees Sagittarius, Saturn at two degrees Gemini, the planet Uranus at 17 degrees Libra. Neptune will be at three degrees Sagittarius, and Pluto at one degree Libra. Lilith will be at 22 degrees Aries.

Place these planetary positions around the outer circle of your chart. Note how they fit with the placements in your natal chart. If they make right one's aspects within an orb of one degree, you can be sure that there will follow some action. Be prepared. That is, do not be surprised. Now let us see what the weekend holds in store for all signs. Remember to read you ascendant or rising sign if you know it, rather than your Sun sign, for a truer reading.

ARIES: Keep watch over communications and environmental affairs on Friday. Saturday, devote some time to matters around your home, be pleasant, and do not let a mid-afternoon surprise from your partner throw you. Sunday afternoon can be devoted to pleasurable and creative things.

TAURUS: Your finances and those of others around you are important this weekend. Take care of routines on Friday. Saturday, do not easily let your partner spend excessively. Go out with friends. Saturday is your communication day. Sunday is for home affairs and problems.

GEMINI: Things are difficult enough for you right now, especially where partnership affairs are concerned. Ride out the storm without upsetting the boat. Do what you have to do on Friday

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and stick to facts. Give what is asked of you. Saturday, finances are not lavish, but there may be a pleasant surprise. Do not shun career interests. Use Sunday for solving your problems; get out socially in the evening.

CANCER: You may not feel too good on Friday, and there is very likely a great deal of work which you must get done. Saturday should be a better and lighter day, a day for getting out and doing things. Sunday continues in an even better vein, so have a good time, even if your mind is half on finances.

LEO: Although social activities are going to be uppermost in your mind most of this month, Friday will not be one of your best or easiest days. Keep your own secrets and do not be negative. Saturday is a good day for getting out and exploring. Take care of other people's feelings. Sunday is another fine day for you and you will be at your best.

VIRGO: Home and family need your care on Friday, although you may be involved in all sorts of other things. Friends should be uppermost in your mind on Saturday, and social life may be too abundant. Sunday, you should remain active, but be selective of the people around you. Do not let small worries take you over.

LIBRA: Pay attention to all details on Friday, and do not stretch yourself too far. Career interests may keep you busy on Saturday. Watch things around your neighborhood and attend to affairs of close relatives. Your moods are rather changeable right now. Sunday is a good day for you, but by evening you may find yourself too tired-out to GO out.

SCORPIO: Friday finds you in a better mood, for a change. Have a social evening, but in a conservative sense. Saturday is good for adventure. Go out

and identify with people in out-of-the-way areas. Your mind is working thirteen to the dozen. Use Sunday for mental exercises, but be nice to the people you contact.

SAGITTARIUS: Your personality is riding high, but do not expect much of others at this time. Partners and their financial situation are not as good as yours. Love life may go nowhere this weekend. It may be wiser to stay home all day Saturday. Things improve mentally Sunday evening, but do not force any decisions or throw your weight around.

CAPRICORN: As usual, your most negative self may have the upper hand this weekend. Pay attention to details during the day on Friday, and the evening hours may prove more interesting. This is a time when you could form some attachment. Watch your health on Saturday, get exercise, find some interesting activity. Sunday, be your usual practical self. It is very possible things will work out well for you.

AQUARIUS: Pay attention to your health this weekend, and to any work which may come your way. Forget your own problems on Friday. You may have much work to do Saturday, but try to get some active exercise. Sunday, the affairs of a partner will need your attention. Do the right thing.

PISCES: Keep your mind strictly to business through the day Friday. In the evening, find a way to relax and enjoy company in some soothing manner. Saturday will be a very busy day. Although career interests are uppermost in your mind at this time, it is just possible that you may get some fun from this weekend. But Sunday evening your mind will revert to the helping of other people. Watch your health Sunday evening.

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Imperial Bullsheet

QUOTE: "IF YOU DON'T DO IT MY WAY, I WON'T BE A PART OF IT.", UNQUOTE.

Talk is cheap. It takes no particular talent to make a noise with your mouth. It takes no particular ability to spread the gossip or even to start it. It is really the performance that counts, but all the talk can discount or hamper, if not harm, the overall effect of the perform-

ance. We have found this to be all too true this year.

To talk to create activity, to argue to show another side is only worthwhile when the person is capable of joining hands for the final outcome. To talk and be unable to compromise or abide by the decision of the majority is worthless. All too often the talk is caused by an inner desire to be set apart from, or above, others. This talk is not meant to work with, or to help create, but meant to destroy by being set apart from the total Community.

To create the general attitude of wanting to be "a part of" has been a long-involved project. It has taken its toll of dissenters. This project **MUST** and **WILL** continue. The war against "If you don't do it my way, I won't be a part of it" **MUST** continue.

In five weeks, we will step down, but we will be available to assist in these projects. We are looking forward to the new methods and ideas to be set forth. We are looking forward to a broader

horizon. We are expecting a stronger existence through the many new people who have come to believe that being "a part of" is the only way to create a stronger, more important way of life.

"If you don't do it my way" I won't be part of". How childish. We have heard this over and over this year. What makes these people think they are so great that a **BODY** of people cannot find a better way? Since when are one or two minds better than a few dozen?

Through this year of travel over the entire West Coast, and by spending untold hours, energy and money, we feel the Communities have come a long way toward the desire to become a part of, and not to be set apart from. We do not need the quote and, as soon as these people learn or quit, we will have a chance to be one of each other and not just "poor me".

This is the greatest problem we have: "If you don't do it my way, I won't be a part of it." We all learn from each other and, when this problem no longer exists, we can look forward to more unity.

The calendar dates for the next few weeks are really filled. Most of the activity will be centered around the planning for the seventh coronation. It is undoubtedly going to be the most lavish spectacular ever seen in this, the Queen City. Don't forget January 8th at the JACK TAR Hotel. Ticket information and reservations, 441-5381.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday, December 10th, 11th and 12th: Michelle will be doing his Christmas special at S.I.R. I'm sure, as usual, this will be a really fun show.


Saturday, December 11th: An evening with yours truly at the TROPICS. Madam Peck has planned a fun time for all.

Wednesday, December 15th: THE YEAR OF CRISTAL, 8:00 p.m. at THE NEW BELL, with a buffet and entertainment.

We hope to see you all over the Holiday season.

Love and Peace,

Cristal



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the Living Stage

by Terry Alan Smith

THE JIM BAILEY SHOW, produced by Sam Speir, starring Jim Bailey, with Julie de John, musical direction by Joseph Castro, with the Lolly James Orchestra, at BIMBO'S 365 CLUB, 1025 Columbus Avenue (at Jones Street). CLOSED SUDDENLY AFTER THE THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25th PERFORMANCE, DUE TO MR. BAILEY'S SUDDEN ILLNESS (According to the official press release (?)).

In all fairness, the odds were against him: everyone expected to see THE greatest act in show business. I mean, he was SO sensational in his Carol Burnett appearance, it figured he would be dynamite "live", right? Wrong. In a sustained evening, he was neither dynamite

nor sensational. He was simply... a damn good act! But no more... also, no less. The paradox ran rapid throughout the audience: he was good enough to warrant three standing ovations, but not good enough to keep the audience from remarking, in pockets here and there, "I was disappointed." Maybe they expected Garland re-incarnated; they got a stilted, mechanical-toy imitation, physically—but vocally, the voice was there: Garland at her prime... magnificent. Maybe they expected Streisand's alter-ego; they got a damn close copy: the physical restlessness, the intentional preponderance of her Brooklyn background, the lyric phrasing... oh, the lyric phrasing... it was magnificent... MY MAN tore me apart. Yes, Jim Bailey's re-creation of Barbra Streisand was his masterpiece. His voice doesn't have the

fantastic ring that makes Streisand, herself, sound like a finely-tuned pitchfork; his characterization of Streisand doesn't have that nuveau-sophisticated attitude which Streisand, herself, uses 'as the other side of the balance with her Brooklyn background to proclaim to



Jim as Streisand.

the world how far she's come in such a short time (as if we didn't know, already!)... but yes, Jim Bailey's Barbra Streisand is the most exciting theatre of the evening. A great opening! But how do you follow it with less? Jim Bailey doesn't.

Julie de John almost does. Looking like a young Kate Smith, sounding as good and often better, she opens with a socko interpretation of ONCE IN A LIFETIME and wins you over at once. She follows with self-inflicted "fat girl" jokes, but they aren't the run-of-the-mill, nor the run-of-the-burlesque, they are hilarious... uproarious... in fact, Miss de John has some of the FUNNIEST material I've ever heard... and I don't laugh easily. She follows with a Kate Smith medley (a natural, need I say?) and a version of ALL RIGHT, O.K., YOU WIN, which is fine. Then, for her first act finale, a rock number, the title of which I don't know, but it goes, "You Make Me So Very Happy, I'm So Glad You Came Into My Life!" Wow! Good voice, funny, versatile in all kinds of music, sparkling personality... great, Miss de John ...or now that I've seen you and loved you, may I call you

Season's Greetings

NEW

Rucky Lager Beer

Julie?

Jim Bailey's Garland followed the intermission and, like his Streisand... like everything he does... it was incomplete. But where, in his Streisand sequence, the missing pieces are character-fill and, therefore, not absolutely essential, the



Jim as Garland.

missing pieces in his Garland sequence are basics: I never saw the late Judy Garland "live"... maybe she DID move like a mechanical toy; maybe she was as nervous as a cat, but I KNOW she had stage presence (Mr. Bailey's Garland did not) and professional polish (Mr. Bailey's Garland was like an incipient superstar at her first amateur night appearance). At any rate, if I closed my eyes, I enjoyed it immensely; if I watched him, it drove me up the wall!

Right or wrong, the Garland sequence stunned the audience (if for all the wrong reasons) and Miss de John, following on the smoke of Mr. Bailey had to work... and I mean WORK... like the devil to get the audience back. It is a great tribute to her to state that she did: interspersing comedy with ON A WONDERFUL DAY LIKE TODAY and BIG SPENDER. She almost lost them with a blah original song called I'M NOT BEAUTIFUL, a paean of self-pity which, had she written it herself, would have made the entire audience regurgitate en masse. But she went out a winner with an excellent rendition of I'VE GOTTA BE ME.

Unfortunately, Mr. Bailey came out

as himself at the end of the show (the mechanics here are difficult: as a gimmick, the real "he" has to come out last; as an entertainer, "he" is the weakest link, by far). As a "straight" singer, Mr. Bailey is rather average (which is not to imply, in any way, less than good), but with one great trump card: he can sustain a note, as solid and as in the center as possible, for measure after measure after measure. When he uses it in his Streisand and Garland sequences, he is sensational! As a matter of fact, all his "straight" vocal qualities are best used in his impersonations; his voice, for example, lies in close proximity to that of Garland which lied in close proximity to that of Streisand. Mr. Bailey blessed us with the most attenuated version of MAC ARTHUR PARK that could possibly be possible; prefaced by a Kentucky Derby version of EVERYBODY'S GOING TO THE MOON, which should be done more slowly to be effective. All we got here was lots of sound and garbled lyrics (Mr. Bailey's enunciation is excellent; the pace was just too fast to spit out the words). He followed with a ho-hum version of

EASY COME, EASY GO and a well-done version of THIS IS MY LIFE (The Gay San Francisco National Anthem?), which was, need I say, enthusiastically received.

One of the major problems Mr. Bailey has throughout the evening, and one of the reasons Miss de John sounds so wonderful (to take nothing away from her), is his HORRENDOUS musical arrangements. Miss de John's arrangements are magnificent, economical, right on and theatrically exciting. Joseph Castro's arrangements (for Mr. Bailey) are tedious, busy, full of the wrong sound at the wrong time and un-nerving. In Mr. Castro's favor, his conducting of the evening was fine.

The lighting was excellent, the costumes lovely, Mr. Bailey's make-up probably some of the finest work I've ever seen.

All in all an uneven evening. Restructuring the program, under the circumstances required, is a damn near impossible job, but the evening is, in effect, rather like riding a roller coaster down the first hill, then riding level for the rest of the ride.

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I HAD A DREAM

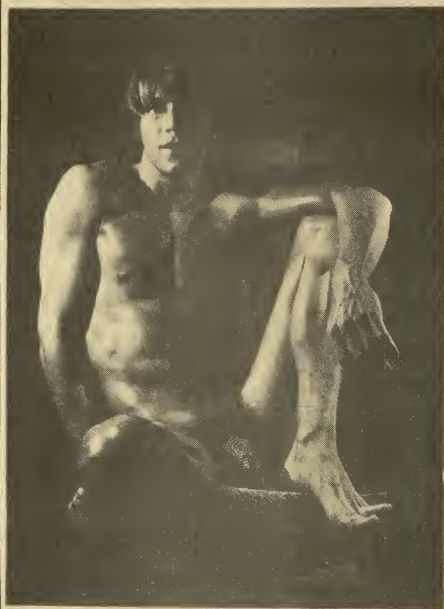
I woke up and there I was, was it DOLAN'S the PAPER DOLL, was it ANN'S 440 or the CHI CHI, THE BEIGE ROOM. All I can say is I am still not sure if it was heaven or hell, but I didn't care I was among friends.

Standing at the door checking I.D.s was one of my favorite characters by the name of "Keno Clark". It was so nice to see him, he told me his horse had finally come in. As I was seated we noticed several grand pianos patiently waiting to be played. Our waiter was an old seaman friend name of Frenchy, cute, coy, warm as ever and even got the order right. From the silence came

"I Enjoy Being A Girl" and there was "Sydney Blackburn" our little Bostonian friend. When he finished, Al Gallagher went into "That Old Black Magic" and sure enough there was Marilyn Monroe on top of the piano singing her heart out. Judy Garland and Dinah Washington were really getting it together with "Hattie" and "Alan Keys". The overture was about to begin and as the spots picked up the pit, guess who was there playing and conducting right—Sasha !

Sitting beside Sasha were two of the cutest Dachshunds you have ever seen. The music quieted down and the

spot was on the curtain—you'll die—our own Crepe Paper Fashion Plate "Lester Lamont" saying "All my gowns are made of Dennison crepe paper". And guess who opened the show—The curtains parted and there was "Rae Bourbon" sitting next to Tallulah Bankhead and T.C. Jones dressed as Bette Davis—wow— from the dialogue it couldn't have been more heaven. All dreams must come to an end— The show was great—The people that we have all known were even more beautiful. THEIR RAT RACE WAS OVER. As they stopped for a poignant moment and looked down on Earth, I could hear them all say—"Please help make it a better world!". Stop your unnecessary bitchery—why try to hurt each other—in the end it will not matter—you have so much to be thankful for, and so much yet to do. "When we were down there we were so busy dodging the cops, dying to get in drag and afraid — scared to go to DON'S for coffee (no tubs) when we needed steam the most and we were particularly safe if we did not show up in numbers—(Except for the BLACK CAT.)



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The MIDNIGHT SNOOP

by Donald McLean

ON THE PROWL

The month of December is usually a slack time for show bars; San Francisco nightlife looks brighter than ever this month.

First of all, that master of the ad-lib, Michelle, will present his one-man (plus a few escorts I'm sure) Christmas Show at S.I.R. CENTER on December 10th, 11th and 12th. The name is Michelle—need I say more? Go!!

In case anyone is wondering what's happened to Lori Shannon lately (since nobody ever seems to mention her name in their columns), the LORI SHANNON SAMPLER will be performed at the ORPHEUM CIRCUS on Monday, December 13th, at 10:00 p.m., directed and costumed by Mr. Hampton.

Funniest five minutes on any stage in town at the moment is Jae Stevens' PRINCESS PAMELA at the *P.S..

Also at the *P.S., Big Jimmy is back, looking larger and performing better than ever before.

I finally got out to the MINT to see the CHUCK LARGENT REVUE (I just love being scooped by Auntie Mildred!). The new show concentrates more on comedy and clever material than the previous edition, with Chuck "Wild-man" Waltz giving Faye and Nancy a run for their money in subtle facial mobility. He's a very funny man. The new edition remains the most exciting sixty minutes in town. Topping the WEST SIDE STORY medley from the first show is no easy achievement, but in a number entitled DOWN THE ROAD, they've done it. Pat Campano's finale costumes are just plain brilliant. Shows of this quality must be nurtured, so give an hour of your time on Sunday evening and go see for yourself if you haven't already.

It's one-fifteen a.m. on a Sunday night at the 181 CLUB, a handful of customers and the waiters are tired and want to go home. Vicki Marlane slithers onstage and performs BLUES IN THE NIGHT like it's a packed house at Carnegie Hall. This is one fantastic entertainer.

Julie de John, of the JIM BAILEY SHOW at BIMBO'S, proves a supporting act need not take a back seat to the star. She's great.

Terry Alan Smith is now sound and light man for the HIGHLIGHTERS at the GASLIGHT.

St. Brigid's Church won another round! Located around the corner from the LAUREL THEATRE, the pressure brought to bear via the police department's frequent manager busts and print seizures has intimidated J. Brian into closing the theatre... at least temporarily. Other managements have succumbed in the same way—all in the name of the Church protecting us from ourselves. A-men!

IT'S-A-SMALL-WORLD DEPT.

Jackie Daniels and Vicki Stevens left the ORPHEUM CIRCUS to go to the CHANCES "R" in Hayward and were replaced by Warren Roberts and Cliff Kurtis, formerly of the CHANCES "R". A few years back, Allan Lloyd opened at the Fantasy as a member of the CASHEWS, starring Big Jimmy. On November 24th, Big Jimmy returned to San Francisco to join THE SHOW at the *P.S., starring Allan Lloyd. Drop in soon and welcome back this popular favorite. Pat Montclair gave Lori Shannon (who?) his first job in S.F. a few years ago at the club on Valencia called the EBBTIDE. On November 22nd, Lori m.c.'d a THIS IS YOUR LIFE tribute to Pat Montclair at a club on Valencia called the GASLIGHT, just two blocks from the old EBBTIDE days. Add one-more-nice-touch: when Lori was starting out, Pat made all his wardrobe. When Lori recently got the role of Ruth in WONDERFUL TOWN, Pat volunteered to design and make all his costumes for the show. I don't know much about the politics among club owners in this city, but the entertainers are like a small close-knit family, and God help those who try to play them against each other!

If you were hoping for a bitchy, dish-the-dirt column, sorry to disappoint you. Maybe next time.



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THIS IS YOUR LIFE, MR. PAT MONTCLAIRE—or—**HOW TO MAKE MOUNTAINS OUT OF MOLEHILLS**, written, produced and staged by Lori Shannon, starring Lori Shannon, Vic Potter, Busty O'Shea, Tommy Almon, Vicki Marlane, Terry Taylor, Roger Learn and special guest star Pat Montclair, sound and lighting by Terry Alan Smith, at the **GASLIGHT**, 645 Valencia (at Sycamore, between 17th and 18th Streets), Monday, November 22, at 10:00 p.m.

At last! Integration has come to the Gay Community, or at least it did Monday Nov. 22. This was the night Lori Shannon, of the **HIGHLITERS**, presented a camp version of **THIS IS YOUR LIFE** at the **GASLIGHT**.

The recipient of the brickbats and bouquets was Pat Montclair, star of the 181 show. I have never seen such an assemblage! Almost all of the Tenderloin journeyed out to the Mission, and blended beautifully without having to be bussed. The crowd was a mixture of drags, sex changes, transvestites, female impersonators, male impersonators, neuters, royalty, leather, and just plain women. Never has there been such an assemblage of tits. Everything from sweat sox, bird seed and rice, real, and... Yes, Pat still has his plastics!

It is very difficult to review a show such as was put on. It was well planned, well staged, and fun... fun... fun. Lori Shannon obviously put some hard work into this evening. The script was clever,



but the real fun was when the ad libbing took over.

It all started with the following statement... "Born in Lynn, Mass., around the turn of the century..." and took off like a big bird.

Pat (Nee George... he he hee) is a Greek-Irish Gemini and to explain the twin aspects of the Gemini, Busty O'Shea and Vic Potter did a record sketch. This was, unfortunately, not the strongest opening one could hope for. It simply was not well-rehearsed like the rest of the numbers.

We learn nothing of Pat's life between the turn of the century and 1958. Then, Pat hits San Francisco. (Terry Taylor swears it was 1858... but how would he know? Oh, Terry met Pat at the Pony Express Station when he

arrived... I see.)

It was amazing to learn some of the things he did. Would you ever suspect that S.F.'s reigning sex goddess was in the Air Force, as a cook? That he was married to a real girl? (The marriage broke up over who was going to wear a certain green chiffon dress). Well, it's true, according to the show.

He paid his way through beauty school by washing dishes at Jackson's still maintaining he was straight! He didn't get into his first real drag outfit until he met Ray Saunders, then star of **THE BEIGE ROOM**.

Lori asked Ray to come to the stage and explain how it all began. It was the usual success story... from rough trade at the detour to sex symbol of the seventies.

It was actually Charles Pierce who put Pat on the stage for the first time. He had seen Pat at a party and invited him to do a spot with him at the

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GILDED CAGE. That did it.

He landed his first professional job at SELINA'S PARLOUR, where I was directing the show. I tried to convince him that a medley of EXODUS and HAVA NAGILA would not sell... fortunately, he was stubborn, and it soon became his biggest, and longest, number. He worked in the show with his sister Helen, who did a topless go-go number.

From SELINA'S, he moved to the LATIN QUARTER on Broadway, taking his sister with him. Then... this is

beginning to sound like a tour of all the Gay bars that are now defunct!... Then he went to Pacifica, where Jerry Abbott was producing a show at the EDGEMAR.

Jerry explained to the audience how the name was changed from Pat Patterson to Pat Montclair... at Jerry's insistence.

At the EDGEMAR, Pat also worked with Terry Taylor, who presented one of Pat's numbers from the past... ONE OF THOSE SONGS. Terry Taylor has been one of our most consistently good

phantomimics, and did a very fine job with this most overworked number.

Returning to S.F., Pat worked at the FROLIC ROOM for at least a week, then went back to Broadway, where he appeared in a straight (?) club called COKES. He appeared with Vicki Starr (who already was blossoming out with hormone tits) and Roxanne Lorraine, a sex change. The tourists liked the idea of Pat... stripping, but still a boy, Vicki Starr, half and half and Roxanne Lorraine, a convertible!

This was explained to us by Miss Lorraine, along with a couple of funny anecdotes about the show they did at COKES.

Then, it was back to the 181 CLUB, after hours. It was at this time Pat was joined by Vicki Marlane. One of Pat's many top numbers is IMPOSSIBLE DREAM, and this was presented by Vicki Marlane, who is correctly billed as "Mr. Emotion". This performer puts his heart, soul and body into selling a number, and rated loud cheers for his rendition of IMPOSSIBLE DREAM.

Another biggie of Pat's is HARD-HEARTED HANNA, complete with the bumps and grinds. Roger Learn did his impression of Pat Montclair as Hard-Hearted Hanna and was a delight.

Again, the entire show left the 181 and went to the CLUB HANGOVER on Bush Street... and bombed. Moving right along, they went back to the Tenderloin... THE CHEZ PAREE... and bombed.

Finally, they landed in Sacramento at the LOG CABIN and proceeded to terrorize the city of Sacramento.

Back to S.F. and the 181, and Pat met a queen named "Taffy". This episode was narrated by "Taffy", who is better known as Lori Shannon. It was one of the few bits of nostalgia the evening saw. It seems that without Pat, there would be no Lori Shannon. Thank you, Pat.

Lori, Busty O'Shea and Tommy Almon did their impression of the first production number Lori was ever in... from the EBB TIDE, they did MILLIE, ROSE & MAME... Lori really did some fancy moving when it came his turn to imitate Pat... the dance steps were very Montclair, Dear. Be careful, or you'll upstage La Pat...

Back to the FROLIC ROOM and the



big moment... Pat thought something was missing, so he decided to get built-in cleavage. Lori was at least ten minutes describing the hours before, during and immediately after the operation, but the truth is always funnier than fiction. I can just see Pat, full face, tits, and no wig... hee hee hee.

Before moving over to the FANTASY, Pat decided to make closing night at the FROLIC a sentimental one, and did BETTER SIT DOWN, KIDS. This number was very well done by Tommy Almon, but I would like to see either Lori or Vicki Marlane tackle it.

At the FANTASY, Pat shared billing with Allan Lloyd. Everyone expected fur, feathers and rhinestones to fly... but they didn't. Allan explained to us why the FANTASY was never considered "Tenderloin"... oh?

Back again to the FROLIC, then to the 181, where he is now starring.

In August of this year, headlines were made when Pat became Mrs. Terry Black in the wedding of the year. Glide Memorial Church never has been the same. Such a group. As Lori says, "The guests almost outnumbered the wedding party...!"

It was at this point the show REALLY picked up. La Montclair took over the mike and decided to really give us the dirt, not only on himself, but on some of the other personalities in the audience... whee... This was, without a doubt, the funniest, AND unplanned, part of the show.

Pat can handle himself very well when it comes to ad libbing, as this proved. No bitch was safe, and if one did speak up, Pat quickly laid her out. I think it was all summed up by Pat when he said, "...I had to add a little bit, but I made it..." True.

The show finished with Pat doing some of his best numbers... NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT, THAT'S LIFE, and FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE.

This show was not the first of its type in S.F., and I certainly hope it won't be the last. It takes a lot of work to do something like this, but it is well worth it. If you are going to try and entertain a group of Gay people, it has to be good. This show was just that.

As I said at the beginning, it is impossible to review something like this in

a critical manner. Fortunately, I could find very little to be critical about, so I decided to rehash it for the benefit of those who were not able to attend.

This could grow to be the most fun thing we've had going for many a month, so don't give up, Lori.

I also must comment on the new dance floor at the GASLIGHT; there is lots of room and the lighting is fun. Try it out when you're south of Market, huh?

Ciao,
J.J. Van Dyck

While writing the review of the HIGHLIGHTERS at the ORPHEUM CIRCUS (in the last issue), I deleted one complete paragraph. I would like to apologize and print it now.

"The lighting at the ORPHEUM CIRCUS leaves much to be desired, but they are fortunate to have Harold working all three of them. He does things with them that makes one believe he has all the lights from the Opera House to work with. With or without rehearsal, he always manages to make a girl look good."

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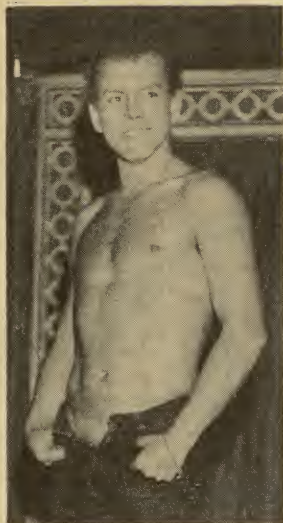
I wish to clarify to my readers the reason I was so-called "terminated". I left one paper (for my own reasons) and went to another. How do you terminate something that is not there?

DOWNTOWN

Well, my snoops have found the new bar, the **BODY SHOP**. It's on the corner of Eddy and Mason. The Grand Opening is December 2nd, with Fanny and Reba as Hostesses. Bill McWilliams, from the **BOOT CAMP**, is the power to be and Mike, of the **CELL BLOCK**, is the manager.

Hazel is appearing five nights a week (off Thursdays and Sundays) at the **TURF CLUB** on beautiful downtown 6th Street. They had a big party for the staff of **GAYLORD'S**, in Santa Rosa, Monday, November 29th.

M.C.C. is having a **MR. SAN FRANCISCO** Contest in their new center, December 11th, at 1:00 p.m. The address is 150 Sixth Street. This one will be a fashion show also, along with a Champagne Brunch and a full catered bar. The judges will include Pia Lindstrom (KGO-TV), Sunny Buxton (KGO-TV), Dick Hongisto, yours truly



Chuck is interested in the stock market, likes swimming and has been a go-go boy around town. He is currently employed in the show at the 181 CLUB. Chuck is the COW PALACE'S candidate in the MR. SAN FRANCISCO Contest.

as MC., the Empress Candidates and a host of others. This will be a fundraising event for the new center, which now helps and houses members of our Community released from institutions. I have it, on first hand info, that about one-half of the male population at San Luis Obispo Penal Institution is Gay. They have just formed a group called the Apollonian Society. Anyone wishing to help them in any way, please contact me at this paper.

I understand the fights have stopped at the **ALLEY CAT** since Pat McAdams has been made manager. Also, a tip-of-the-brim to Pat for 86in the group that picketed the **BEAUX ARTS BALL**.

In answer to many of your questions, **MR. GAY SAN FRANCISCO** finals will be held at the **RENDEZVOUS**, on Sutter Street, in January. Will give you the date in the next printing.

MISSION

My best gal friend, Jay, is now working at **KELLY'S**. Drop in and ask for a wild drink, as she is just learning to be a bartender. We are sorry to hear we will be losing Bob. He is a nice addition to any bar.

The **GASLIGHT** had S.I.R. night, Friday last, with the Empress Candidates and myself as honored guests. Thank you, Cliff, for the lovely goblets. The **HIGHLIGHTERS** proved themselves again as they played to a packed house which included Bob Ross, Bill Plath, Naomi (Pink Palace), J.J. Van Dyck, Chuck Waltz, Faye, M.C.C. church members, the wonderful staff of S.I.R. and a host of others. December 3rd will be their Grand Opening.

My spies tell me there is another opening in the offing on the 300 block of Valencia Street. My dear, will they ever stop? I think the whole City is going Gay!

UPPER MARKET

The **PENDULUM** is having a Champagne Buffet/Christmas Party, Thursday, December 16th, at 6:30, with Peter King making her now famous Chinese Turkey.

HAIGHT-ASHBURY

My spies tell me **MAUD'S** is having a Christmas Tree lot. Buy Gay! Would

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you believe it will be called the SUGAR PLUM FAIRY LOT, at 19th and Guerrero Streets. If you can prove you are Gay (how is up to you), they will give you a 10% discount. I never thought I would live to see the day that Gay would pay.

Be sure to hit BRADLEY'S CORNER for brunch on Sundays. The food is not only home-cooked (by Bill), but home-served by Tony.

My dear, the whole last block of Haight is going Gay!! The LUCKY CLUB is first, then the FISH-AND-CHIP SHOP (My spies tell me this will be Gay soon) and next is DAVID'S INN, a new Gay restaurant, and then the BIG ANGE, with their Mattel-hot-wheels decor and, of course, you know what we have done to the PARK BOWL! That leaves BOB'S and the parking lot, so get with it, kids.

AROUND TOWN

What reopened bar on Folsom Street is paying for the TOY THING cablé car? Bless you. Please welcome the cable car as it comes to your neighborhood bars promoting the TOY THING, as this is a worthy cause for children. The TOY THING, itself, is a dance on December 4th, at SEAMEN'S HALL, and you bring a toy. Buy your ticket and have a ball.

What manager on Polk Strasse bonked his head so hard it cancelled an appearance on Valencia?

If you see Jose' mumbling to herself, she has not lost what's left of her mind, she is trying to learn her part in WONDERFUL TOWN.

We are sorry to hear Hank (PAGE ONE) lost his home by way of a fire.

In case you are wondering, the NITECAP is not closed. They were, for a while, because Frank was very ill. I am happy to report he's better and back with us.

S.F. welcomed back one of its adopted stars, at the *P.S., with a gala cocktail party. Oh, yes, his name? Big Jimmy.

For those of you who were not sure, yes, that WAS Barbra Streisand in the BOOT CAMP. She and Ryan O'Neal also hit the STUD.

What well-known after-hours owner was chasing his cook up the street with a pipe? Lead, that is.

Openings, openings, they go on: The

BACHELOR'S CLUB will have its Grand Opening December 9th. They are located on 18th, near Valencia, with Ken and Darrel (VECTOR boys) behind the bar. That should be worth a look!!!

What well-known beanery is in trouble with many different government agencies?

The name of the new modeling agency is the PARAGON. Kisses on your opening and this time I REALLY mean it.

GOLD STREET is now serving dinners again, with a chef from the BOHEME CLUB.

The NEW BELL had a party of 15 for dinner at JACKSON'S for 5 Scorpios: Linda, Jack Wells, Bruce, Robert and Bill... and they all work under one roof! Wow.

I hear some of the waiters at the *P.S. are wearing wigs. I could care less what they're wearing... they're all heaven!!

We made the JIM BAILEY SHOW on TAVERN GUILD Night and found it hard to believe one person could look and sound like Garland and Streisand. If you haven't seen him, go!! This is one talented man.

I am happy to report another togetherness. The TRAPP had a welcoming party for their new neighbor, the BODY SHOP.

For you early boozers, the Q.T. is now open at noon.

John-John has left the 527 and S.F. for awhile again.

Roxanne has moved uptown from the TURF CLUB to the AMBASADOR Lounge: Greg Martin, from the LION and TYCON'S, is now at the ALLEY CAT: David has trudge up the hill from the ALLEY CAT to the RENDEZVOUS: Lady Scott is now appearing at the 527: Dennis Morrison has left the SPEAKEASY and is back at the ALLEY CAT: Dallas (S.F.'s oldest go-go boy) is at LE CABARET: Danny left Polk Strasse for the ALLEY CAT and was followed by his shadow, Lenny, from the 527 (what else is new?): the "wicked witch" has left the ADZ and now is pushing booze at the TURF CLUB: Darrel has left the GASLIGHT and is now head-man at the BACHELORS' CLUB.

LAST MINUTE FLASH

Lady Scott has left the 527 for

God-knows-where.

PENINSULA

The new Grand Czarina is Nicky Nations!! The ball was very well attended and every court from miles around was there in force. Gabby had the back-drop every girl dreams of: beautiful MEN!! The room was very nicely done and rocked a lot (I mean, it moved... up and down). I won't say I danced a lot, but Bashka and I had to soak our feet in the pool in the lobby. You should have seen the guests faint. It was a real camp, as the manager dared us to do it. The help could not have been nicer if they were running a Gay bar. The shock of the evening was when the Czarina-elect left her throne and line of well-wishers, with their mouths open, and made a tour of the room. Thank you, kids, for a wonderful evening... again!!!

There will be a big show December 17th at LE CABARET and a dinner show at the BAYOU on December 19th.

Be good to each other.

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The Midnight Snoop Strikes Again!

By Donald McLean

COLE PORTER AND MAVIS

SIRLEBRITY CAPADES—"MADNESS '71"; *Conceived and staged by Joe Vigil; Produced by Chuck Zinn and John Kozak; Musical Direction by Peter Arden; Set Design by Bob Paulsen; Costumes by Leonard Juarez; Choreography by Gil Lopez and Vern Becker; Sound by Jim Briggs; Lighting Design by N. Emerson Trafton; Properties by Cliff Reynolds; Art Work by Canady. Whew!*

A show with the title MADNESS '71 implies a zany, fun-filled evening of wild insanity. Well, forget it! MADNESS '71 had all the zainness of a General Motors' proxy fight. Oh, there were little glimmers here and there, and God knows the performers fought valiantly, but no, madness definitely is not the word to describe this show. Perhaps a better description would be "Son of Savoy—

Tivoli's Show", a slick, ultra-sophisticated revue dedicated to the more obscure works of Cole Porter. And on this level it succeeds fairly often. So let's just forget the title and concentrate on Mr. Porter and San Francisco's answer to Julius Monk, Joe Vigil.

The show opens with the audience coloring their programs with crayons and looking at Bob Paulson's truly stunning black-and-white set. Lights dim, overture, and enter Mavis, m.c. of Madness. And the perfect m.c. for this show. Completely uninhibited and relaxed, loaded with charm and totally capable, I settle back and relax, knowing I'm in good hands. Unfortunately, Mavis exits after introducing the opening number, a disaster called "Going to the Devil". Next comes Bob Paulson singing "Painting the Clouds With Sunshine", a rather clever number if you listen closely to

the lyrics. And believe me, kiddo, for the next three hours you're going to have to listen very closely to a lot of lyrics because three-fourths of this show is clever numbers with the fast, witty lyrics and virtually no staging to distract from your listening enjoyment.

Enter Pola del Vecchio, reclining on a chaise lounge, singing songs of jaded living and sybaritic splendor. She sings very well indeed and will eventually weave her way through "Down in the Depths of the 90th Floor" and climaxing with "I'm Still Here", from the current hit, "Follies". Pola is a big plus and provides several of the better moments of the evening.

Next a really funny number about three perennial debutants, Mavis in a quickie about San Francisco being home done to perfection, John Reynolds in "A Little Skipper from Heaven Above" (by C.P.), then boom—the ceiling falls in! Sheldon Glicksman does "Put the Blame on Mame" and it's embarrassing, Lenette DeLame does "Confession" totally devoid of personality, the Boswell Sisters favor us with a ho-hum toe-tapper and, oh lookie, I've almost finished coloring my program! Oops,

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here comes Bob Paulson back again, this time in drag, doing "Underneath It All" from "Minnie's Boys" and it's campy and fun. And Doug Marglin follows with a musical jabberwocky called "On the Amazon" and I'm back on the edge of my seat listening because he does it extremely well (and he projects so people in the back can hear too).

And here she comes, folks, in her only appearance in the show! The electric Nancy, lighting up the stage for the next five minutes with Lenette DeLame in a Duncan Sisters medley. Nancy, like Mavis, is another "relax-I'm-here-and-I-know-what-I'm-doing performer whose mere presence reassures the audience that they're going to see the best.

Vern Becker and Gil Lopez perform a Spanish number staged beautifully (Mr. Becker's one I-don't-know gesture makes the entire number), and Grady Clark of the glorious voice sings "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows". The finale of the first act is "Swingtime is Here to

Stay" from Sandy Wilson's "Divorce Me, Darling" and Doug Marglin leads the chorus in a rousing tap routine that brings the audience to its feet cheering. One act down, and so far, the good outweighs the bad. Unfortunately, there's a second act.

Now, to itemize the goods-and-bads of the second act would be a waste. However special mention to the Telephone Hour number, Kimo's exciting fire and sword dance, and Tommy Kohl for his brilliant Harpo Marx. The basic point is, the best material in the show was suited to a small, intimate cabaret revue and the attempts at trying to insert "fun" wild numbers fell flat on their face. Choreography was at a minimum, the entire production was beautifully mounted and costumed, the sight gags were a bore, and obviously Joe Vigil has talent and an overwhelming passion for reviving little-known material. That's fine, I approve, but why bog the Andrew Sisters down with "Leader of A Big-Time Band" (another

Porter goody) when they made so many numbers famous themselves, or waste a voice like Grady Clark's in a patter number like "It Ain't Etiquette" which just makes Mr. Clark look bad because he ain't Bert Lahr! There was much talent on the stage (Fern and Brandie saved that awful yo-yo number) but too often the material did the performers in. Mr. Vigil, with all respect, a gimmick "Hellzapoppin" director you are not. When you decide to do "Cole Porter Revisited", save me a front row seat. And I hope Mavis is in it!

SNOOP'S AFTERMATH—I reviewed this show on opening night, Nov. 11th. Immediately following the performance, I understand Mr. Vigil made several cuts and re-arrangements in the show. Obviously the show was not ready opening night to be reviewed and the press should not have been invited. Future productions please take note—reviewing a dress rehearsal is unfair to all concerned.



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LOCO WEATHER REPORT



by Cecil Knockherworst Weatherbee

The Lenny Fault slipped an inch or two sending vibrations along a course reaching from the Southern Pacific Railroad, across the Folsom Trail, perpendicular to the Silver Exchange and in close parallel proximity to the part-time residence of a certain President.—H'mm, how does that saying go? "He who is innocent may cast the first stone."—It is so difficult to build, but so easy to tear and rip apart.—Thunder, thunder.—Red angered faces at S.I.R. for unfairly assuming the blame for the sloppiness in the handling of the mailing of the official Empress ballots. I assume that this same responsible person in charge will ask the post office for a written apology for the ballots that were not delivered.—Such Sandy storms.—The Polish Prince (Cristal's escort) was coined a new name by Lori Shannon (she's an entertainer): "The mouse that roars"—Say cheese.—Is the BOOT CAMP swinging to drag or was that Bárbara Streisand in leather (Who knows? It could have been Jim Bailey.)—Poor Shirley (the over-worked seamstress): It seems that her long-time lover, Fred, has finally put his foot down and refuses to furnish her with any more beads and to break her of the habit (cold Turkey), but yours truly has it from evil sources that, on Coronation Day, her gown will be made from pure white linen imported from Ireland and, hand-embroidered from top to bottom, in small hieroglyphics, will be the complete works of Tolstoy's

"War and Peace." The hemline, as always, will consist of pencil drawings of dildos in various sizes.—Real Polish, right, Michelle?—Here are some breezes that were blowing around town.—Jose', is in search for a royal wedding pair (?).—J.J. Van Dyck uses orange blossoms to color his hair (I thought it was grape juice-or is that what Reba carries in her purse?)—Michelle was evicted from being the emcee at the January Coronation.—There are only five Empresses listed in the phone book.—Big Jimmy is in reality a big nut.—That a certain motor bike President is bouncing around town.—Johnny rents freely Shirley's drag.—The Dog Lady wears dog fur.—Karl Kay loves free souvenirs.—And that Allan Lloyd works part-time as Jose's cosmetologist.—Here's a bigger breeze.—That choreographer anti-Mildred, well known writer of B.A.R., man about (wonderful) town and of stage fame (?) was crowned the title, by his benevolent employees, "Art Curator of Woolworths".—The fantastic performance by the Portland Brothers and Sisters is causing much of a what t'do about the town when over 100 numbers from the Northern Provinces visit San Francisco for the upcoming Coronation.—Storm warnings were visible when certain bar owners began bitching to Cristal that they were being left out on various fun (?) affairs going on around the city.—You would think that they were paying for the expense of time.—Maybe Cristal should borrow Michelle's roller-skates and, speaking of Michelle, she came down with the seven-year-itch and will be again seen at S.I.R. for a benefit on the 10, 11 and 12 of December.—After seeing J. Brian's film SEVEN IN A BARN, which cost five bucks (not worth it to me), I felt that Mr. Brian could take lessons from Lorelei in the filming of Cristal's LIFE OF A HEAD QUEEN—Especially in color, sound, camera and directing. By the way, this film, the only one to exist,

was stolen in Oakland and is no longer available for viewing.—And, what was that rumor that was being spread around town that Gary of the RAM-ROD was decking—or was it dicking (?)—B.R. at the recent THIS IS YOUR LIFE, PAT MONTCLAIRE at that new non-Tavern Guild Bar.—Such a gas.—Ha-Ha.—Lightening fatherly advice to Reverend Broshears.—Why don't you join an organization that teaches brotherly love? It may soothe thy fury.—I attended the rites of the Peninsula's Czarina and Czar function, but it reminded me of a revival meeting for Sally. Their seriousness over drag is a bit too much and they tend to forget the camp. Maybe Monty should use that retracted broom, which he gave to Cristal, and sweep it all under the table.—If any fun, it was watching Lou Greene dancing up a storm with the gals of the SAVOY.—The way Ray Rule has been running up and down Folsom Street with a pipe in his hand, you would think that we was in the plumbing business.—Such a Whirl Pool.—The point of no return, I feel, will affect many of us in our lives and, especially among the Gays, this may be a hard scene. I am me, I am what I am.—Of being one's self not lost in a world of irresponsible blunder and stupor.—To be capable of measuring that which is camp and the seriousness of being —Some, I believe, tend to get lost in roles that were meant for camp—fun—or change.—Total involvement in a role is not part of the real scene.—Each one of those roles are but part of, and in no way are any of them THE, total.—At times, to get away from reality is fine, but to be lost in a world totally different is limbo.—The Gay who makes his life sitting on a bar stool oblivious to his surroundings has accomplished very little.—Or drag which takes on the serious role of losing identity.—Or leather, portraying a distorted masculine S.M. pop trip, loses its thrill.—Or Gay Religious bigots who preach distorted Psalms.—Or the hustler who is serious, ends up being hustled.—Or the closet queen who lives behind a flushed john, constantly flushing.—Maybe that is what the problem of survival is, the difficulty in knowing where, at what point, one's self is...

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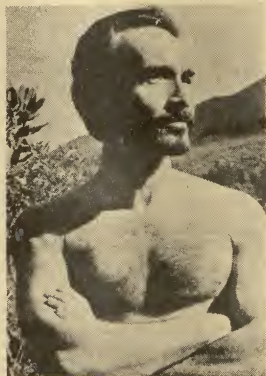
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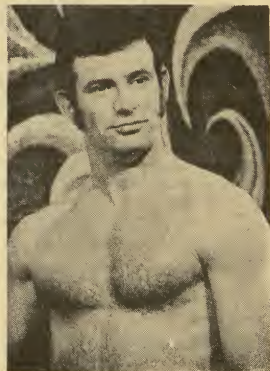
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FILM

by Ron Ratchford

the results are reflected in the changes in the film's characters. The characters are typical of small towns everywhere in the Country: Sam the Lion (Ben Johnson), the kindly owner of the relic businesses; Sonny (Timothy Bottoms), the nice boy; Duane (Jeff Bridges), the foot-

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW, a film by Peter Bogdanovich, starring Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Ben Johnson, Cloris Leachman, Ellen Burstyn, Eileen Brennan, Clu Bulager and introducing Cybill Shepherd, directed by Peter Bogdanovich, written by Peter Bogdanovich and Larry McMurtry, photography by Robert Surtees, presented by Columbia Pictures, in *Black and White*, at the *VOGUE*, *Sacramento* and *Presidio*, running time: 118 min.

The film **THE LAST PICTURE SHOW** deals with everyday life in a small Texas town during the early nineteen-fifties. Surveying one year, the film records the ending of an era, the days of the luncheon, the poolroom and the Saturday-night picture show. The passing away of these bastions is shown and



Sam the Lion listens to Sonny in Sam's Cafe. Billy (Sam Bottoms), a mute, listens.

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ball hero; Jacy (Cybill Shepherd), the prettiest girl in town, etc., etc. "Gee, Dad. Just like 'A Date With Judy'". HOWEVER, this is not a soap opera. The total characters are not gossip items. The film deals in depth with what could be cliché circumstances, and what emerges is a realistic view of the past—rather than usual nostalgic claptrap.

I was pleased to experience a look at the past which was not pink fluffy nostalgia. Many film makers have attempted to define the Nation's character by glorified looks at the past. Film makers, and others, have delved deeply into the Puritanism of New England, the hardness of the Old West, the gentility and rivalry of the Civil War, the socialism of the "Great Depression" and the glorious unity of World War II. This film says the "fifties" are a part of our past. Perhaps it is hard to be nostalgic about Korea, censorship, the rise of R. Milhous Nixon and the 45 record player. The film does not judge without mercy. After seeing the film, I understand and empathize with the "almost forty" crowd. Rather than a sentimental journey, the film presents a sympathetic journal.

The cast, a blend of newcomers and veterans, is well directed and effectively employed. The character, Sam the Lion, emerges with a status equal to a Duke Mantee, Cool Hand Luke or a Rhett Butler. Somehow, he is larger than the film and the role. Mr. Johnson emerges as a star. Cloris Leachman, Ellen Burstyn and Eileen Brennan are superb in three of the best women's roles in pictures today. In her film debut, Cybill Shepherd is wonderful. She is like a young Hope Lange (You DO remember the young Hope.). Not saving the best for last, the young men in the film do performances which would draw raves if they had been in inferior company (ala John Wayne in TRUE GRIT), but in this film, they are outshone by the women and Sam the Lion. But, in justice, I must add that they were very effective and moved me very much.

This is not a must-see film, it is a must-experience experience.

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SAN FRANCISCO GAY SWITCHBOARD ESTABLISHED...A 24-hour, seven-day-a-week Gay Switchboard and Crisis Information Center has been established under the general auspices of Metropolitan Community Church of San Francisco. The switchboard number is (415) 864-3063.

Working with the Personal Services Committee of the church, the trained switchboard staff provides information on food, crashing, jobs and other social needs of the Gay Community.

The switchboard is housed in the MCC Community Center at 1760 Market Street in San Francisco. There is always coffee and people are invited to drop in and rap. Emergency food and information on crashing are available at the community center. Other services include medical and legal referrals, dental care, draft counseling and vocational counseling.

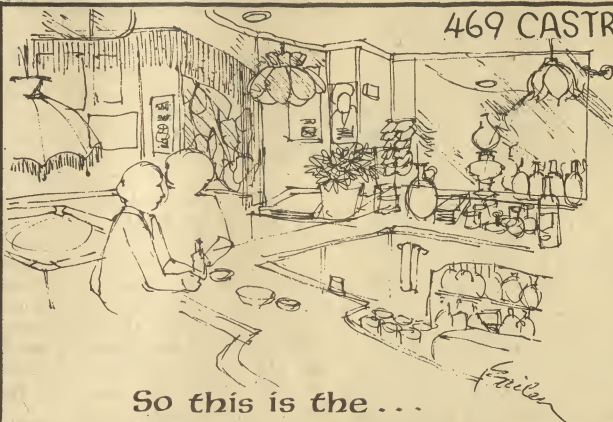
"This is where the buck stops", said Fr. Bob Richards, Director of Personal Services. "We are more than just a referral agency. When a person comes to us, they are going to get the help they need. We are not going to shuffle them off to some agency. It's time the Gay Community dealt with the social needs of its own."

The switchboard is under the direction of Michael Music and Douglas Brown who have been active in other switchboards and social service projects for the Gay Community in San Francisco. They have promised a full

training program which all switchboard volunteers will be required to complete before they are allowed to handle the phones. "This is necessary", commented Music, "because we get all kinds of calls. Some people really need help and when you are responsible for people's lives, there is no room for ignorance and error."

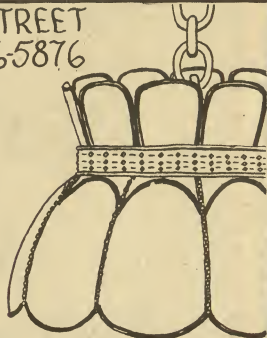
While under the general direction of Metropolitan Community Church, the personal services program, including the switchboard, is part of a greater social outreach program to the entire Gay Community. Representatives for other gay groups have been participating in the planning and development meetings. Gays, regardless of religious affiliation, are welcome to participate in the program. "We are here to serve the entire community, young people, street people, old people, all kinds," said Rev. Howard Wells, MCC Pastor, "but we will direct the bulk of our effort toward the Gay Community since no one else will." Open meetings of the Personal Services Committee are held at the MCC Community Center, 1760 Market Street, San Francisco, Monday/evenings at 7:30 P.M. Everyone is invited to attend.

Donations of canned goods, crash pads and leads on job openings are urgently needed to accommodate the many persons dropping by the MCC Community Center and calling the switchboard daily in search of the basic essentials: food, shelter and employment.



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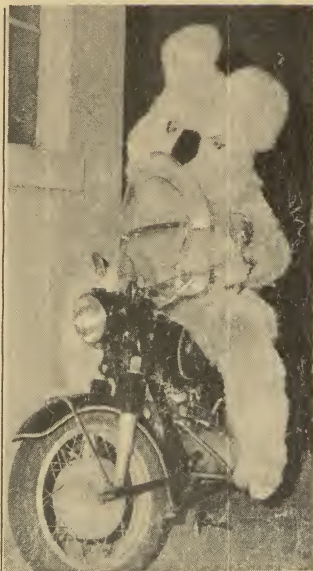
NOTHING SPECIAL

THIS-a & THAT-a

by Lou Greene

Two more weeks have gone by and there is no end of news.—The SPEAK-EASY is no more.— The GASLIGHT is going full blast, located at 18th and Valencia, featuring unending events with a Grand Opening on December 3rd and 4th.—CONNIES WHY NOT at 20th and Valencia, just a half a block from the FICKLE FOX will be holding their Grand Opening on Dec. 10th.—Watch for the opening of a new bar at 18th and Valencia called the BATCHELOR CLUB.—THE BODY SHOP at Mason and Eddy will be opening first week in December. Mike Donahue formerly of the CELL BLOCK in back of the BOOT CAMP will be managing this new Tenderloin Bistro. The TRAPP will hold a Welcome to the Tenderloin Party on Nov. 30th.—Roxanne is now tending bar at the AMBASSADOR at Mason and Eddy.—GOLD STREET is featuring Gourmet Dining for the discriminating taste.—For a real shocker, Hank Cheeky of PAGE ONE rushed out of his burning home just in time to miss the explosion which ripped everything wide open. Wow, what luck, guess his name wasn't on the list this time. My deepest sympathy Hank, hope you recover from the shock and losses real soon. And speaking of PAGE ONE, don't miss Linda Sellers on Monday and Tuesday nites. She

is really great and knows how to turn you on; and if you're a soup slurper, dine there while David is at the Organ during the dinner hour. You won't hear yourself or anyone else slurp their soup.—He may not be No. 1 or No. 2 but he's great on the Baldwin at the TURF CLUB on 6th St. Who? None other than Hazel McGinnis who will really bring back some fond memories. By the way, the recent Ad in Vector offering to teach you to play piano like Hazel was not placed by him or for him.—SCOOP, what new material was Barbara Streisand looking for at the BOOT CAMP all dressed in leather?—The BARBARY COASTERS went to see Dracula at Stanford U in full dress. the U will never be the same.—What was Ginney doing at FEBE's during the christening of George's new baby when she shelled out \$20 for the slidest that were made there?—The AQUILAS held a one day invitational run and of all places guess where they met? Would you believe, the boat house at Lake Merrit.—Congratulations to the new baby snake, Hank.—You should have seen the CMC when they attended an open meeting of the WAR-LOCKS wearing fluffy sweaters and white tennis shoes, what next?—Don't miss the TOY THING this year held by the RECONS at SEAMANS HALL. This



is their 8th annual presentation. S.I.R. and the S.F.T.G. are actively supporting this event as proceeds will be distributed to many causes; Youth Guidance Center, Recreation facilities for the Handicapped, Association for the Retarded Children and many, many other worthy groups. The eight animals who will be promoting this event are being sponsored by various bar owners; the Cable Car which will parade the animals is

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being paid for by an anonymous and generous merchant. The outpouring of the many generous contributors to date has been overwhelming. This affair will include dancing to two bands, Presentation of Colours and many great entertainers. The price is \$5 plus an unwrapped toy. Buy your ticket early.—Don Pollock of the Holiday Lodge at the entrance to the Sequoia National Park is donating eight rooms to S.I.R. who will receive all the proceeds from now thru May 15th. If you're planning a trip or an outing make your rooms reservations at the S.I.R. Center.—Shane Croft is the new Manager of the CABARET in Redwood City. He was formerly a bartender at the CRUISER in Redwood City, worked as a programmer prior to this and altho he is from Seattle, actually came out in (where else?) San Francisco.—The Grande Czarina Penninsula Ball held at the Marina Airport Hotel in Burlingame was indeed quite a Ball. This was a Farwell to Gabriel-Grande Czarina II. What a lovely turnout. There were over 500 in attendance. Cristal, Empress VI, and the Imperial Court were presented along with the Dowager Empress I, Jose' and Court; the Royal Courts of Los Angeles, Seattle, East Bay, Portland, San Jose, the South Seas and the Royal Court of Grand Dowager Sally I of the Penninsula were all in attendance. A memorial plaque perpetuating Sally Czarina I, was presented to the SAVOY in Cupertino. There were a few errors made here and there, the lighting was bad, the Show was fair. Despite all the problems of the First Penninsula Ball everyone was in such a good mood that the dancing, the music and the drinking overshadowed the boo-boos that were made. Everyone who attended voted for the new Czarina and Czar and after the final count, Nickie Nations became the New Czarina of the Penninsula and Sir Dee (female) became the first Czar of the Penninsula. How wonderful that the Guys and Gals have been able to work and play together in this area. Too bad S.F. can't do the same. Perhaps some day S.F. might learn the formula for such a wonderful togetherness in the gay community.— And now here is a sneak preview of Ron Shields from the CRUISER who is starting to prepare himself as a contender for Czarina V,



1973. This is his first experience getting into drag. The sequence of photos shows him having his face made up, fitting a wig, and finally the finished product. He still walks like a football player and was told by Monty of the B.Q. to walk a little pigeon-toed which might help him walk more gracefully. Any other suggestions?—Hope you all had a good Thanksgiving Holiday and until my next writing, all the best.

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CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME

By Don Jackson

A year ago, the *Gayzette* poll indicated a 15% unemployment rate among San Francisco Gays. Presuming that the Gay unemployment rate has risen at the same rate as the total unemployment rate, the Gay unemployment rate now stands at 23%, a rate over twice that of blacks.

Reaganomic changes in welfare and food stamp regulations make it nearly impossible for Gays to receive public assistance. Gays have been cut off of welfare and disability roles. Even Gay teenagers are being denied aid to needy children funds.

The result is a growing blight of poverty, invisible at first, but now becoming conspicuous. The derelicts who eat at St. Anthony's have been joined by swarms of hungry Gays. M.C.C. opened a spacious new community center, which promptly filled with homeless Gays. A street queen discovered a vacant four story building at 330 Grove Street. It also promptly filled to capacity with homeless Gays. The *San Francisco Chronicle* carried a piece complaining of the large numbers of

homeless Gays sleeping at the Haight-Ashbury switchboard. The Berkely Free Church, switchboard and youth hostel are all deluged with homeless Gays. The Tenderloin, Polk and Castro Streets have been invaded by the largest crop of hustlers, spare change artists, street queens and transvestites in history. In spite of police sweeps and a large number of arrests, the hoard of hungry Gays continues to multiply.

San Francisco has become a refuge camp for destitute homosexuals. In spite of police persecution and cruelty, they continue to come. They may get arrested for hustling, panhandling or sleeping in cars, but in Milpitas or Podunk, immediate arrest would be a certainty.

Many of the destitute Gays are unemployable because of arrest records, effeminacy, medical and psychiatric problems, and youthfulness. But the fact that many Gays are no longer willing nor able to hide is the most important factor. Most younger Gays feel that there is nothing wrong with homosexuality. Why should they lie and behave like criminals? Even if they were willing to hide, the privacy invaders

would not permit it. Records from the selective service, armed forces, police departments, criminal identification bureaus, V.D. clinics, schools, credit bureaus, employers and the like are all fed into giant personal data computers. The information is immediately available to anyone who asks. And the dosiers include gossip gathered by professional snoops. The snoops, who work for credit bureaus or personal data computer centers, interview neighbors, former neighbors, postmen and anyone else likely to have derogatory information about the person being investigated. The interrogations usually center on the sex life of the subject. One Gay lost his job because he had all male parties, another because he received a Gay publication in the mail, and another because neighbors reported he had many male visitors.

The Gay Community has been indifferent and ignorant about the Gay poverty problem. Greed obsessed Gay businessmen are concerned only with profits. The bike clubs are more concerned with their image as bike riders and as pseudo-heterosexuals. Too many Gay leaders are overly concerned with their ego trips and ripping off publicity for themselves. Individual Gays are more concerned with getting another trick.

Gays have found money to give to anti-homosexual charities like the United Crusade. The United Crusade has not provided funding for any Gay cause. Most U.C. agencies provide no services for homosexuals. Some, such as the Boy Scouts, are anti-homosexual. B.S.A. not only fires Gay scout-masters, but has ruled that Gay boys are ineligible for membership. The YMCA has attempted to bar Gays from its recreation and social programs, but it quite willingly exploits Gays by charging \$6 to \$10 per day rents for the cell like rooms in its Gay brothels. "Y" officials know what goes on in their rooms and halls. They also know they wouldn't be able to rent their cells for \$2 if they didn't permit the sex. The Mental Health groups subsidize anti-homosexual propaganda.

Gay movement organizations have found sizeable sums to donate to the Black Panther Defense Fund, for a policeman's widow's fund, for a swimming pool at Hunter's Point, lunches for

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elderly citizens, an expensive air conditioning system for a church, a \$5,000 float for a parade, and a car load of toys for poor children.

The Panthers have \$250,000 in their defense fund. They should be helping us. The poor children should be out collecting nickels and dimes for destitute Gays.

Gay leaders assert that these expenditures gain publicity, build good will and create political alliances. Perhaps they do, but the question is should we let people go hungry for these purposes?

The Recon Motorcycle Club's "Toy Thing", is perhaps the most worthless waste of all. The annual event collects some three to five thousand dollars worth of toys, which are given to the S. F. Fire Department for distribution to poor children. A spokesman for Recon says that the purpose of the event is to dispell the thugish image of bikers. Nobody except the fire department and Gays know the gifts come from Gays or bikers. Both Gays and firemen already know that Gay bikers are not thugs. Since the event gets little publicity, it has little or no public relations value for anyone. Recon has a right to put on any kind of event it wishes, but when it solicits donations from the Gay Community, it becomes everybody's business.

Giving a toy to a deprived child has an emotional appeal. It brings back warm, joyous memories of our own childhoods. But is it really as worthwhile as buying a gift for a lonely, impoverished Gay teenager who has been deserted by his family? Or helping a brother find a job so he can get out of prison? Or providing food for the hungry and a bed for the weary?

The County gives a bonus to all welfare families for Christmas presents. Het charities collect a huge number of toys. Although children always enjoy an extra toy, it is doubtful if there are any that do not receive at least a few. Het organizations are not going to help the Gay needy. Charity begins at home. It's a shame to send so much money out of the community when our own needs are so great.

Readers in a gift giving mood would do far more good by buying a gift suitable for a teenage boy and mailing it to the Liberation House (a Gay boy's

home), 1322 Van Ness, Hollywood 90028, Calif., or by taking the gift to the MCC Community Services Center, 150 6th Street, San Francisco. The center will distribute the gifts to the needy.

Many Gay organizations claim to be involved in community service, but actually, they have only referral and counselling services. The MCC center is the only local organization that has the machinery and facilities to help destitute Gays. The center is separate from the church. Donations are not commingled with church funds, and are used exclusively for the services provided by the center. The volunteers do not attempt to lay religious trips on the needy people who come for aid.

The MCC center is new, disorganized, and badly in need of community support. At present, the situation is quite sad. The evening meal had to be discontinued. The employment office has far more applicants than jobs. There are insufficient facilities to provide for all the crashers. Readers who have an extra bed or couch can help by putting up a crasher once or twice a week. Call 864-3063 if you can help. Donations of food, money, clothing, household goods and furniture are badly needed.

The problems the center must deal with are simply immense. The case load has been greatly increased due to increased unemployment, new anti-Gay welfare regulations, the accelerated release of Gay prisoners under the work release program, and the increasing numbers of Gay juveniles thrown out by their parents.

The work-releasers are an immediate problem. Recent changes in prison policy make Gay convicts eligible for work-release. Under work-release, the convict is given a five day "furlough" to look for a job. If he finds a job, he gets parole, if not, he goes back to San Quentin to serve out the rest of his time. When these men show up at the center, every effort is made to get them a job.

The volunteers are dedicated and overworked. They do all they can, but adequate services are not being provided due to lack of money and workers. The center serves the entire community. Those of us who are anti-religious regret that it is run by a church. Yet the church simply saw a need and filled it. The services provided by the center are the responsibility of all of us, regardless of religious views. It deserves our support.

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Sound of Music

— Paul Ravel

A very satisfying concert was presented last Friday evening at the Marina Junior High School Auditorium by the Little Symphony of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Under the direction of Niklaus Wyss, the group continued the laudable practice of bringing the symphonic tradition to the schools.

Supported in part by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, this joint effort by the Symphony Association and the San Francisco Unified School District introduces the symphony orchestra to as many students and their families as is possible via live concerts and classroom demonstrations at various neighborhood schools. The group plays quite commendably, although the ensemble lacks the electrifying cohesiveness of the full symphony orchestra as conducted by Seiji Ozawa.

Programming was excellent in scope and variety. The concert opened with a solid performance of the familiar *Water Music* by George Friedrich Handel and closed with a reading of interludes from Mozart's little-known music drama, *King Thamos, K. 345*. Two contemporary works, *Atlas Eclipticalis* by John Cage and *Work for Chinese Instruments and*

Orchestra by David Liang formed the central portion of the evening's presentation.

In the Mozart, Mr. Wyss turned to the audience and attempted to induce them to visualize "a story" of their own imagination on the four presented excerpts. Perhaps this is effective. However, by affecting the typical "talking down to" stance in dealing with a youthful audience, Mr. Wyss came across like a two-hundred pound, slightly precious cherub with the predominantly adult audience. Aside from this bit of amusement, the playing of the work was well done, if "heavy", Mozart. Mr. Wyss has the disconcerting habit of constantly mirroring the beat with his left hand. In addition, his conducting pattern tends to be exaggerated. The combination of these habits inhibits the inherent clarity and buoyancy of Mozart's musical style.

The Cage work was predictably dull. The man is a philosopher of accomplishment and has aided in the process of clearing the air of some of the lingering, musty German influence in American musical composition. Unfortunately, most of his own musical effort leaves me cold. Hm m m m m m. However, I

could envisage enjoying this Post-Webernian piece more, if I were lying nude under the stars and was more than a little stoned. Then, perhaps, I could better understand Mr. Cage's mental games.

Mr. Liang's *Work for Chinese Instruments and Orchestra* is a mixed success. The initial shimmering sound structures are quite attractive and nicely blur the Occidental preoccupation with meticulously measured time progression. However the introduction of sole sections featuring Chinese instruments seemed somewhat self-defeating. If, as conductor Wyss stated in his introductory remarks, the concept of the piece was the search for amalgamation and integration of Oriental and Occidental musical traditions, then the work suffers from fragmentation and juxtaposition. The cliché "East is East" etc. comes readily to mind and diminishes to some extent the compositional viability of the work. Mr. Liang performed very competently on the Chinese instruments. Incidentally, it would have been helpful for these instruments to have been identified in the program notes, however imperfect the translation.

I hope my opinions and observations do not detract from the very excellent and refreshing qualities of the group and the ideals of their project. May they enjoy many more successful musical seasons.

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GAY CONS

Gay convicts are getting together a man to man program to help Gay prisoners. Gay ex-con-poet-militant Paul Mariah has been a key figure in organizing Gay ex-cons. In addition, Gay prisoner groups have been formed at Vacaville, Soledad and the California Mens' Colony.

Mariah has been conducting an educational crusade to combat the ignorance in the Gay Community about the Gay prisoners. He told an audience at the Metropolitan Community Church about the problems Gay prisoners must live with: "I was labeled 'a dangerous sex criminal' because I sucked a dick. I was kept in isolation locked up in a 6x9 cell for three years", he continued, "I lived in constant fear of electroconvulsive shock".

Electro-convulsive shock is a popular "treatment" for homosexuality in prisons and "mental hospitals". It consists of attaching an electrode to the brain and administering a high voltage jolt. It causes permanent brain damage, destroys memories and personalities.

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Mariah described how ex-patients behave: "They wander about the yard mumbling incoherently. Their minds have been destroyed. They will be that way for the rest of their lives."

"Homosexuals are often kept in isolation and not allowed to associate with each other or other prisoners. Work release is granted to murderers and three time heroin pushers, but never to homosexuals. Gays are not allowed to enroll in professional programs, work in records or to congregate."

"The parole board also discriminates against Gays", Mariah continued, "You must go before the board with a P.O. who hates you because you're queer. Secret records you are not allowed to see are used against you. You can't answer because you are never told what the charges against you are".

California's indeterminate sentencing law is used to incarcerate homosexuals for prolonged periods. The parole board has absolute discretionary powers to determine how long to keep a man. It has a policy of never setting sentence for homosexuals. Since sodomy is punishable by one year to life, the man can be imprisoned for a very long time.

Dr. Nugent of Vacaville Prison claims that homosexuality is a disease, and that he has cured hundreds of homosexuals. His "Patients" say they had to pretend to be cured to get out, because parole is only granted to "cured" homosexuals. Wise prisoners learn that when they come to put an electric wire around your dick to give you a shock every time you get a hard on, you had better pretend that the treatment is working and you're starting to like girls. Otherwise you won't get parole. Worse yet, the good doctor will figure you haven't had enough treatments or will try a more drastic remedy.

By no means are all homosexuals placed in segregation. Homosexuals have a high arrest rate for non-sex charges, especially embezzlement, bad checks and credit card offenses. Gays have a proclivity for these crimes on account of poverty resulting from discrimination, and on account of being framed by policemen. Only those who are arrested on sex charges or who are officially known to be homosexuals are segregated.

Police officers are selected from the

ranks of males so uncertain of their masculinity that they must have reinforcing phallic symbols like guns, riot batons and hot motorcycles throbbing between their legs. Gays make them feel insecure about their masculinity. They react by hating Gays. Their hate overcome any qualms they have about framing the innocent. In small towns, especially, the police are out "to get" anyone they suspect is homosexual. Gays usually live alone and are often out cruising so they cannot prove where they were on such and such a date. Consequently, homosexuals make handy scapegoats for any crime the police can't solve.

Besides being oppressed by the authorities, Gays are oppressed by other prisoners, and for the same reasons. Psychiatrists have long noted the similar personality traits of policemen and habitual criminals. They just choose different ways to reinforce their self-doubt.

One Gay was forced to share a cell with a lifer who had served nine years for murdering his first wife for infidelity. He was released, got married again, and murdered his second wife for the same reason. George (the Gay) was repeatedly raped and brutalized by the sex-crazed wife killer. The het bribed a guard to smuggle in a padded bra, lace panties and a sheer negligee. He made George wear the garments around the cell. No one would talk to George because the cell mate had beat up several men for "flirting" with George. Finally, George went to the warden to see about transfer to another cellmate. When George told the warden about the rapes, he yawned and said "Well, it's better than getting stuck with a knife isn't it?" When George complained about having to wear the unmentionables, the warden said, "I don't want to hear anything more about it. Go back to your cell and be good to that man. I don't want anymore trouble out of you".

Prisoner prejudices against Gays arise both from self-doubt and from ignorance. Prisoners often confuse Gays with institutional homosexuals, heterosexuals who adopt homosexuality while in the jail.

Gays are men who prefer sex with the same sex for their entire lives, probably as a result of a hereditary trait that is carried from generation to generation in the genes—in the same way that

red hair is transmitted. Red haired people were once considered evil demons. In England, the law said that red heads should be killed on sight. Christianity preached that the hate of red heads was just a pagan superstition. When the Christians gained control, they changed the law. The Christians were Romans and had the benefit of Roman scientific knowledge about the hereditary nature of observable physical traits. But the differences between Gays and hets is in internal body chemistry, a fact that is not readily observable and which wasn't firmly established until 1971. Since the early Christians could see no physical differences, they concluded that homosexuality was the result of sin, and so a superstition that should have been abolished long ago was perpetuated to the present day.

Institutional homosexuals are heterosexuals who engage in homosexuality while in prison because of boredom, lack of heterosexual contacts or status dominance behavior—mostly the latter. The rapes in the joints result from a perversion of the male status drive, the instinctive drive to dominate other males. The prison social structure is based on who dominates who. If some one fucks you, your status falls below his. The rapists rape, not to satisfy sexual desires, but to demonstrate their superior status.

Prison officials isolate Gays, but let the aggressive institutional homosexuals run wild. Gays never rape anyone because homosexuality is their way of expressing love. The institutional homosexual is the exact opposite. He rapes other prisoners as his way of expressing hate.

The status struggle is often graduated to the gorup level, resulting in rapes to establish racial superiority. The authorities wish to perpetuate racial strife; therefore they are not about to do anything to stop the rapes; they serve to increase conflict.

During the middle ages, there were no prisons, no rehabilitation and no criminals. Instead, they had "sinners" who were "punished with torture. Torture had two purposes; punishment and repentance. Even after the sinner had been punished enough, the torture was continued until he repented. Things really haven't changed much. Today the

parole board usually feels a prisoner has been punished enough the second time he comes before them, but if they don't think he is "rehabilitated" (repentant), they won't set him free. It's the same old thing with modern words.

Like it or not, this is the game played by the parole board. The convict must play the game or stay in the joint. Wise cons learn the game and tell the board they have been reading the Bible, seen the wickedness of their ways and repented. Then he tells them that when he gets out he is going to get married and become a God fearing, TV watching, flag waving conformist.

Some het prisoners are truly repentant, but the man who is imprisoned for homosexuality can only get out by deceit. His "sin" arises from his hereditary chemical nature. Nothing can change it; therefore no amount of repentance, torture, treatment of imprisonment will do any good. It is like torturing a red head until his hair changes color; the only way he can satisfy the torturers is by secretly dy-

ing his hair.

What can be done to help Gay prisoners? Much. Many suffer from loneliness and boredom. Locked up in isolation, they have nothing to do. A man to man buddy program is being set up. Volunteer "buddies" will correspond with the prisoner, to give him an escape from loneliness, the comfort of feeling he has a friend somewhere, and a feeling of belonging in the Gay Community.

The Metropolitan Community Church and the Gay Community Services Center will assist in finding jobs and housing. This is a vital part of the program, since it is a policy of the Parole Board to give early parole to prisoners who have guarantees of employment and housing.

Money is a problem for many prisoners. With money, they can buy things from the commissary that make life a little easier—things like stationary, stamps, pens, toilet articles and periodical subscriptions.

By Don Jackson

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WHAT HAS HAPPEND TO THE GAY SOCIETY?

By Miss Bobbie Long

I have only been in San Francisco two years, but it has been long enough for me to see the great barrier between the guys and girls in the Gay society. It puzzled me very much because, when I lived in Southern California, there was no barrier; everyone worked together to further the goal of the Gays to be accepted by everyone else. The girls went to the guys' bars and the boys went to the girls' bars and they mixed very well. They got along together and they planned many activities together to raise the necessary funds for each other's group. It was like one big happy family. So, when I moved up here, I was very shocked to find that mostly, except for maybe certain exceptions, the girls stay in their little corners and the guys stay in theirs. The opinion that I have now,

after two years, is that the guys are trying desperately to mix more with the girls and try to work together, but the girls just won't even try to meet them half way, which is a definite shame, for if Southern California can do it, why can't the Gay capital of the United States (San Francisco) do it, too? I really think there should be more communication with both sides, and I think that the first step that should be taken is there should be a rap session between maybe D.O.B. and S.I.R. members, or even just a panel of some of the girls and the guys. In doing this, maybe some of the things that are causing this barrier could be talked out and solved, so that the Gay society in San Francisco can really be strengthened to the point of better relations with our fellow Gays.

Come on, girls, let's show Southern California that, if THEY can do it, then WE can join with OUR fellow Gays and work together even better than they can.

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Transexual Counsel

The National Transsexual Counseling Unit was established in San Francisco as a counseling and referral service for the purpose of aiding transsexuals or any person with gender identity or sexual identity problems.

Our main function is an educational one of providing an individual with the information he or she needs in order to obtain qualified medical, psychiatric, vocational, social or legal assistance. To achieve this we maintain and constantly update listings of doctors who are experienced in treating transsexuals. We also maintain similar listings of private attorneys, free legal assistance foundations, public and private charitable and welfare agencies, hotels and apartment houses, and of course surgeons and clinics providing sex-reassignment surgery.

We are in close contact with San Francisco Police Community relations which has resulted in a somewhat enlightened attitude on the part of the Police Department regarding transsexuals. This has often prevented adverse contact between the police and transsexuals where the basic problem was one of misunderstanding or ignorance. This contact has also proven valuable in establishing a more enlightened attitude on the part of other state and legal agencies.

In the future we would like to see established an exchange of information with other groups that aid transsexuals and with transsexuals, themselves, across the nation and abroad which would enable us to expand our files and in turn allow us to provide otherwise inaccessible information to others.

Our office is at 86 Third St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103. Phone (415) 421-9850 ex. 26, 27. We are on the second floor in the Central City Anti-Poverty Program offices. Office hours are from 1:00-5:30 p.m. Monday thru Friday. No appointment is required—but it's usually a good idea to call before coming by. Our services are free to anyone with a gender or sexual identity problem.

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Amending Chapter 12B, San Francisco Administrative Code, by amending Section 12B.1 thereof and adding Section 12B.1-1 thereto, relating to nondiscrimination employment provisions in city and county contracts; including provision against discrimination based on sex or sexual orientation thereto.

Be it ordained by the People of the City and County of San Francisco:

Section 1. Chapter 12B, San Francisco Administrative Code, is hereby amended by amending Sections 12B.1 and 12B.2 thereof, to read as follows:

SEC 12B.1. All contracting agencies of the City and County of San Francisco, or any department thereof, shall include in all franchises and in all contracts hereafter negotiated, let or awarded for or on behalf of the City and County of San Francisco a provision obligating the contractor in the performance of such contract not to discriminate on the ground or because of race, color, creed, national origin, ancestry, sex or sexual orientation, against any employer of, or applicant for employment with, such contractor, and shall require such contractor to include a similar provision in all subcontracts let or awarded thereunder.

As used in this chapter, the term "sex" shall mean the character of being male or female, and the term "sexual orientation" shall mean the choice of sexual partner according to gender.

Section 2. Chapter 12B, San Francisco Administrative Code, is hereby amended by adding Section 12B.1-1 thereto, reading as follows:



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SEC. 12B.1-1. Whenever the phrase "race, color, religion, ancestry or national origin" or the phrase "race, creed, color or national origin" appears in this chapter, either or both of said phrases shall be deemed to include "sex or sexual orientation" as defined herein.

Copy of amendment to City Ordinance 261-66 as prepared by the City Attorney's office June 1971.

Presentation to the Social Services Committee of the Board of Supervisors

Gentlemen:

My name is Jim Foster. I am appearing before this committee as a representative of the Society for Individual Rights located at 83 Sixth Street, San Francisco. The Society is the largest homosexual organization in the United States and was instrumental in presenting this resolution to you today.

We strongly urge you to bring this sorely needed piece of legislation before the full Board of Supervisors with a "do pass" recommendation. By doing so you will help to end practices which discriminate against 70,000 to 90,000 citizens of this city.

The fact that such discrimination exists is obvious. A 1971 survey, conducted by the A.C.L.U. in the San Francisco area, revealed that 16% of the companies which responded to the questionnaire were concerned with the sexual orientation of employees. When approached directly by S.I.R. and other homophile groups only Pacific Telephone and Honeywell admitted in writing that they do not knowingly employ homosexuals. When asked, most companies either deny or refuse to admit that they discriminate against homosexuals. The fact remains that they do discriminate sometimes overtly, but far more often such discrimination assumes a far more subtle form. This discrimination is documented in the supplement to the pamphlet, *Homosexuals and Employment* prepared by William Parker and published by the Corinthian Foundation and other homophile groups.

Homosexuals, whether as individuals or organizations are growing impatient and angry with policies which arbitrarily exclude or dismiss them from jobs solely on the basis of their sexual orienta-

tion. They are denouncing the ignorance and prejudice which labels them incompetent, undesirable, immoral, criminal or sick. They demand an end to questions on application forms dealing with sexual orientation, medical reports indicating homosexual tendencies or practices, company policies requiring job applicants to sign waivers permitting examination of their draft or military discharge records, investigative reports dealing with a person's sexual preferences and activities, use of arrest records, especially when no conviction followed, and the use of psychological tests or personal interviews designed to discover homosexual tendencies or practices.

I mentioned that there are between 70,000 to 90,000 homosexuals in the city of San Francisco. Most of these men and women are employed and most of them live under the constant threat of exposure of their sexual orientation and subsequent loss of their livelihood. The very fact that the vast majority of these homosexual human beings are presently employed very clearly points out the incredible hypocrisy of these discriminatory practices. As long as we hide our sexual orientation, as long as we lie about our sexual preference we are not incompetent, immoral, undesirable, criminal or sick, but the instant our sexual orientation becomes known then we are all of those things regardless of how competent, moral, desirable, law abiding and healthy we appeared in the instant prior to revelation.

Gentlemen, how ridiculous!

We are the same people you sell houses to and we are the same people you sell your stocks and bonds to. We

are the same people you eventually bury. We drive your taxis, busses and cable cars. We cut your hair, dress your wives and decorate your homes. Thousands of us serve honorably at Treasure Island and the Presidio. We sell you groceries, automobiles, suits, flowers, gifts and lumber. We drive trucks, install your phones (with no thanks to Pacific Telephone), and we develop sophisticated scientific systems. We run the computers, we help you to administer this city, you come to us for bank loans and we plan your travel itineraries. In short, we are all around you.

The homosexual is a human being whose right to self support is denied by these arbitrary, inhuman and discriminatory practices. This afternoon you gentlemen have the means at hand to make a beginning at bringing to an end these infringements upon the civil liberties of thousands of San Francisco's citizens. We urge you to present this proposed legislation to the full board with a "do pass" recommendation. Put the city of San Francisco firmly on record as supporting equal employment opportunity based solely on merit.

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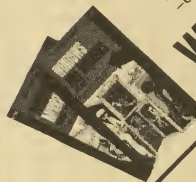
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The following is a brief list of our most popular and currently active models. Because DIAL-A-MODEL Agency believes in meeting the requirements of the total man, these precis have concentrated on the personalities of our models rather than a dry, statistical rundown of figures and dimensions.

DIAL-A-MODEL

DAVE-No. 074: Dark and quiet, Dave's tall, slender frame can often be found mounted upon a jumper. An accomplished equestrian, this tranquil Taurean also likes swimming. Dave manages to establish a good rapport with a minimum of chatter, but when his curiosity is aroused this rangy rider can clear the highest hurdles without getting hung-up.

LASH-No. 0213: Lash's lean 6'1" physique contains a psyche that is just as fascinating. This taciturn 25 year-old Viet vet Virgo is a seeker who has been around the world and shows it in his masculine sophistication—"the man who reads Playboy." An excellent cook, connoisseur of wines and collector of art, he is also a commanding conversationalist, adept at many kinds of communication. Many a man would envy his panache. Truly, Lash is a man for all seasons and all reasons!

STEVEN-No. 0235: Chameleon-like, this 23 year-old Capricorn adapts easily to any circumstance. Steven's aristocratic features and 5'7", 135 lb. dancer's build look equally comfortable in a classic or candid pose.

KURT-No. 0275: Kurt has eschewed city life for the great outdoors of Northern California, but this 21 year-old blond is as athletic at indoor sports as he is camping or hiking the open trail. With his swimmer's build and blue-green eyes, Kurt likes to travel and having his own car helps him to extend his playground over a wider radius. However your garden grows, this Virgo's expertise can make it grow bigger and better.

PAUL-No. 0293: Paul is a 24 year-old music major who enjoys people of all kinds. At 5'11" and 150 lbs., his lithe body and fine-features make him a Michael Sarrazin look-alike with hazel eyes and brown hair. Malleable and mobile (with his own car), this young Piscean is apt to have more than Aquarius rising in his zodiac.

TONY-No. 0300: Twin-signed 25 year-old Tony is a Gemini whose personality is comprised of equal parts boyish wonder and mordant wit. Of Portuguese ancestry, this 5'9", curly-haired ex-dancer has kaleidoscopic interests and experience which belies his years. Equally at ease in a leather bar or Nob Hill suite, Tony can fill the gap in any conversation.

DANNY-No. 0308: Compact 5'9", 135 lb. Danny is one of our newer models. At 21, this boyish, brunette Cancerian is bright and open. A native Californian, he could open your eyes to some of the state's natural wonders that you haven't yet seen.

DENNIS-No. 0309: This agile Aquarian stands 5'7" and weighs in at 135 lbs. Blond and asure-eyed, Dennis is an ex-Air Force man whose experience is in the field of electronics. Besides modeling, he is well-equipped to check out your circuits.

Five New Models This Week—Not Listed Here.

DIAL-A-MODEL
863-3331

If you've placed an order for our brochure and not received your copy, please accept our apologies. After a huge mailing, we've decided that inasmuch as we have to reprint, we'd reissue it.

Your copy of "I ONLY LOOK EXPENSIVE—II", should be on its way as soon as our printer completes our order, with the Dial-A-Model story, photos, rates, profiles of our models and other information.

Thank you for your patience and support.

MANY MORE MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM

Call our experienced match-maker, Alan Stanford. He knows the personalities and likes of each of our fine males and can give you what you ask for... honesty IS the best policy!

DIAL-A-MODEL
(415) 863-3331

P.O. Box 14121, San Francisco 94114
"Quality is in the eye of the beholder..."

PEOPLE

YOUNG GAY GUY needs female for marriage of convenience. (415) 626-4459.

SLAVE WANTED - LIVE-IN POSSIBLE with benevolent autocrat in Downtown S.F. (53, 6'2", 220) Call Anytime (415) 775-4806.

PERSONALS

THANK YOU, THANK YOU for the warm and sincere response being given us during our opening weeks. We love each and everyone of you—Lori, Tommy, Busty, John, Darryl, Clint, Rich and Cliff. **THE GASLIGHT**—645 Valencia St.

ROOM MATES

HSE to share 12-15-71. Own bdrm. (415) 824-1091 bef. noon.
\$325-4 bdrm unfurnished flat with view, nu-dec. 567-3344.

SHARE SECLUDED ORINDA COUNTRY STYLE MTN. HOME—3 bdrm/2 ba. private/sun patio—\$100 mo., own rm., Install wall shelves/desks, hifi, cable and lg. clts incl. free. Lndry/util. and gar.—Call 283-8626 after 6—524-9290 Wkdy.

S.I.R.

GAY IS GOOD!!! S.I.R. the largest, most successful homophile group in U.S. — Read of S.I.R.'s fight for pride, dignity, social and legal justice and identity. Full info, — S.I.R. Center, 83 6th Street, San Francisco, California 94103.

SERVICES**ANSWERING SERVICE**

\$5.00—Call 864-8205 for info.

Button Machine for rent — Phone Roberta — Jug Liquors — 431-8376.

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FOR as low as \$5.00 per month, YOUR telephones will be answered by a responsible, detailed and personalized 24 HOUR answering service... Unlimited messages...

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ROBIE'S RUN-A-BOUT, Errands, Moving, etc. Anytime, Anywhere. No delivery too small. Robie Robillard 626-8336.

MAXI WORK AT MINI PRICES. Basement and yard cleaning. Painting, Hauling, etc. All jobs considered. Call anytime. 863-4415, ext. 23.

JIM'S TRUCK—Hauling, moving, cleaning, etc. All types of jobs considered. Reas. rates. Call Anytime 752-3655.

SILVERWING TRUCKING—Odd jobs, reasonable rates. 648-9527.

HANG-OUT ROOM. Free meeting room, up to 100 persons. Bar, Buffet, Waiters. Call the LIBRA, 1884 Market St., Tel. 552-0886.

MOVING HAULING DELIVERY—Junk to the dump! Free Estimate. Call Charles 864-3563.

HYDE-AWAY BARBER SHOP. 317 Hyde St. between Eddy and Ellis.

LIBRA Dining Nightly, 6 p.m.—?? Sunday Brunch noon to 3:30 p.m. Closed Tuesdays. 552-0886.

TO LET

UNF, 3RM-Next to SF Gen. Hosp. Very clean and sunny. Some refinements may be made to suit personal taste. Stv., frig., good trans. \$165. 282-9534.

ROOMS FOR YOUNG MEN Call Bill 775-9884. Page Hotel above Sweetlips Kokpit.

UNF. APTS. FOR RENT—Land's End to Nob Hill—No Fee. Agents 387-8694.

YOUNGMEN HOTELS—Three good locations—Valencia, Larkin and Eddy Sts. Clean, safe, reasonable rooms for students and working men under 35. Community kitchens. Residence hotels by the week or month. Call 885-1872 or 861-9039.

CLASSIFIED AD RATES are \$1.00 for the first line and 50 cents for each additional line. There are 28 units per regular line. A unit is a letter, number, a space between words, or a punctuation mark.

PERSONAL ADS. All ads involving personal relationships between persons, couples or groups will not be accepted with telephone numbers. These ads must be accompanied by the name and street address of the person placing the ad, so that we may verify the ad. If you do not answer or we cannot verify, the ad may not be placed. Personal ads will be verified the following two days (or nights) after deadline.

There will be an additional, non-refundable handling charge of \$1.00 for all ads involving a personal relationship.

We do not guarantee publication of any ad, money will be refunded for any ad not published, less handling charges.

We reserve the right to edit or reject copy which we feel is in poor taste or which might result in legal action.

We will not print ads asking for persons of any racial, national, or religious preference.

DEADLINE FOR CLASSIFIED ADS is 10 days prior to the date of publication (i.e. copy for the 15th must be in by the 5th and copy for the 1st must be in by the 20th), for your protection send check or money order only. NO personal checks for out of town ads.

This information is for our files and will remain confidential.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

PHONE _____

AMOUNT ENCLOSED _____

FIRST LINE \$1.00

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50¢
50¢
50¢
50¢
50¢
50¢
50¢



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Raintree Flowers is offering a truly unique gift this year. Send us your check for \$18.78 and the name and address of the person you wish to receive your Christmas surprise. On Christmas morning enough holly to deck the halls will be on his doorstep. We'll tie the holly in red velvet ribbon and include a Christmas note, explaining that for each of the next four weeks, he will receive a Raintree Bouquet of just-cut fresh flowers plus greens. It's 30 days of Christmas that will bring delight and pleasure to your wife, husband, your friends and business associates. Delivered to home or office, your Month-of-Christmas gift comes signed with your name. Send your check, \$18.78 for each recipient on your list, along with your name and address and their name and address to: Raintree Flowers, Inc., 442 Shotwell Street, S. F., Ca. 94110. And please hurry, orders close December 20th.

648-8585